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CURRENT COMMENT.

MR. EDISON'S notion of an educated man brings to mind a dog that we used to know, an utterly worthless fellow, and brimful of the ingratiating and disarming amiability that so often goes with utter worthlessness. He was incessantly busy, never with anything that seemed to be of any value, but on the contrary, mostly concerned with irresponsible and inquisitive mischief. He had an odd habit of harvesting great store and abundance of small bones, such as knuckle-bones and vertebrae; the smaller they were, the more they seemed to interest him. When he had gotten together as many of these as he could comfortably manage, he would bury them, and that was all there was "to it." He never gave himself any further concern with them and apparently forgot all about them. We used to watch this peculiar performance by the hour and wonder what he did it for, but we never found out. We can imagine a man similarly freighting up his memory with a miscellaneous assortment of small unrelated facts like those indicated in Mr. Edison's questionnaire. But we can not imagine why he should do it, or why a college should encourage him to do it, or why any one should regard him as an educated man on the strength of his having done it.

OF course Mr. Edison is entitled to maintain his own standards of employment, but it strikes us that a man who did not have sense enough to carry that sort of miscellaneous equipment on his bookshelves instead of in his head, would be a doubtful acquisition to any employer. We would not want him on our premises; the responsibility would be too great. Somebody would have to keep an eye on him all the time to herd him out of the rain or forestall his setting fire to something valuable under the impression that he was making himself useful; and that would swell the overhead unduly, and be no end of trouble and distraction besides. Mr. Edison may have special arrangements for looking after the sort of encyclopædic imbeciles that he is advertising for, but for our part we simply could not afford to have one of them around.

OUR excellent English contemporary, the *New Statesman*, has warned the cockles of our heart with a blistering estimate of Brother George Harvey, the new ambassador. It remarks the fact that the press of this country kept

pretty quiet about the appointment. Well, there is nothing surprising about this. In the first place, there was precious little to say, and second, very few of our newspapers were in a position to say even that little. Our contemporary seems to be under some misapprehension about Colonel Harvey's status. If Colonel Harvey had been chosen to represent the American people to the English people, the *New Statesman* would have every right to feel aggrieved and humiliated and to complain of the appointment. But the Colonel was chosen to represent the American Government to the British Government; and we can give our contemporary positive assurance that no more fitting and competent representative could be found. The writer in the *New Statesman* ends his paper by suggesting that Sir Auckland Geddes be recalled and replaced at Washington by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, the editor of *John Bull*. We cordially assent to this proposal. As far as we can see, on the *New Statesman's* own showing, the character of the British Government is such as could be appropriately and effectively represented by Mr. Bottomley, and we would therefore give him a most polite and hearty welcome.

WITH Dukes to the right of him and Dukes to the left of him our new ambassador to Mr. Lloyd George's Government volleyed and thundered in approved ambassadorial style at the welcoming dinner that was given in his honour in London last week. Thus with a prolixity and tautology which can have rejoiced only the cable companies the redoubtable Colonel gushed forth such sentiments as these: "I rejoice to testify of my own knowledge that the King and President see eye to eye, and sense the yearnings of the people to whose services their lives are proudly dedicated. Such is the President from whom I come to your Government utterly destitute of the traditional weapons of diplomacy but fully equipped with the same candour, frankness, straightforwardness, sincerity and consideration which have characterized to a marked degree the utterances of all our chief officers of State with whom thus far I have been brought into contact." Which, with plenty more to the same effect, is nicely calculated, we suppose, to tickle the ears of the groundlings and to satisfy the intellectual requirements of Mr. Harding who on reading his representative's speech must have admitted that he couldn't have done better himself.

WHEN in the course of human events a nation, or the Government of a nation, is seized with the desire to outdo some other nation, or the Government of some other nation, in the matter of displacing sea-water with steel bottoms, Nation A builds as many ships as are needed for defence against Nation B, and Nation B likewise against Nation A, until war or poverty puts one of the competitors out of business. There is nothing in history to show that any nation that ever entered this game has quit a winner; they all stick until they are forced to draw out; and we have no reason to believe that it will go otherwise with the United States. America has entered the naval race and there is every prospect that she will stay in it with continuous losses in peace and war, until a thorough licking drives her down into obscure prosperity. Such being the case, we should like to suggest a bit of legislation which should have the support of every true liberal. We do not want the losses in this game to increase any more rapidly than is absolutely necessary;

hence we propose that every American ship-builder who constructs a vessel for the Japanese or British Navy shall be required to present to the United States Government a vessel of equal size, weight and gun-power. The New York Shipbuilding Corporation has just undertaken to put up a 20,000-ton electrically-driven fuel-supply ship for the Japanese Navy; hence we nominate this corporation in first place on our list of public benefactors. This little scheme will not keep Japan and England from trying to outbuild us; but it might keep us from doing so much to outbuild ourselves.

WHILE rivetters are noisily working on the greatest navy, protesting voices are making themselves faintly heard above the din. The Conference for the Reduction of Armaments, meeting in Chicago, on 19 May adopted a resolution calling upon President Harding to invite Great Britain and Japan to an immediate conference concerning the reduction of armaments, and on 20 May the 133rd General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church voted almost unanimously to set aside Sunday, 5 June, for the presentation of a plea for an international reduction of military preparations. In the same week President M. Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr, speaking in New York at a meeting of American college women to welcome Madame Curie, called upon women to get behind the League of Women Voters and work for disarmament. It will be remembered that Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the League, declared for disarmament some time ago, and advised the women of the country to use their political influence to this end. This paper is heartily in sympathy with the desire of these organizations to do away with war, which is inhuman and incompatible with a gracious and interesting life; but it can not see that their methods are likely to be more successful than were the same methods before 1914 in Europe, and in America between 1914 and 1917. We have been meditating on this question considerably of late, and next week we shall undertake to discuss it somewhat in detail.

THE abomination of desolation stands over our chief ports. The general ocean-carrying trade has greatly declined, and the decline has been accompanied by a great increase in tonnage, so that there are now far more ships available than cargoes. England, the chief maritime trader, is as badly off as we are, or worse. The last report of her Chamber of Shipping shows that there is annoyingly little money in the carrying trade, and "on a great many voyages heavy losses have recently been incurred." The idle shipping laid up in various ports amounts to five million tons; and there is half as much more tonnage now being built in British shipyards, which when completed will likewise rust in a berth or ride at anchor. Well, this is just one more little incident to show what comes of the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils." The peace conference loaded up the Allies with an immense quantity of shipping taken over from the Germans by way of indemnity; not noticing, apparently, that this would cause a great depreciation in the values of Allied shipping—and there you are! As in the case of the German indemnity generally, the question has turned out to be not whether Germany can afford to pay, but whether the Allied Powers can afford to be paid. Shipping furnishes one sharp lesson on the economics of indemnity; coal furnishes another. Sentiment is proper and valuable and has its place; but that place is not in the consideration of the German indemnity. Those who insist on sentiment doing duty for sense in this matter may be reminded of Bishop Butler's austere saying, "Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why then should we desire to be deceived?"

We wish that better use were made of the manifesto in this country, especially in our commercial and financial circles. A non-partisan expression of collective opinion on some aspect of public affairs, published by experienced and responsible persons, usually makes a deep im-

pression. We made some comment lately on the document issued late in April dealing with the peace treaty, and noticed the character, standing and political affiliations of some of the signers. Another manifesto which we mentioned last week, published in England, 12 May, dealt with the policy of free trade and was signed by a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, a former Secretary of the Treasury, three members of the House of Lords, and representatives of the principal British banking-houses. It would greatly help to clear the public mind if two dozen or more of our most reputable and intelligent financiers, industrialists and traders would deliberate upon these two questions, the indemnity-terms imposed upon Germany and the policy of governmental restriction upon international trade, and publish a statement of such principles as they could agree upon as applicable at the present time. Our usual way is for this or that banker to make a speech, this or that industrialist to give an interview, this or that merchant to write a statement; and it is not half as impressive or effective.

PERHAPS because we are not very good at following the course of diplomatic indirection, it seems to us that there may be some significance in the roundabout correspondence between Washington and Moscow on the subject of American prisoners in Russia. An extract from a dispatch from Washington to the New York *Times* will show what we are getting at: "The most recent informal notification to Russia that Americans must be released before any negotiations with the Soviet Government will be possible is now understood to have been conveyed by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen," and so on, and so on . . . Thus the negotiation is being conducted with all possible decency, circumspection, and circumspection; but there is, nevertheless, an implication here that the American Government *would* open negotiations if the prisoners were released. Another dispatch from the Washington correspondent of the *Times* declares that the attitude of Mr. Hughes is still exactly what it was when he issued the note of 25 March; and yet somehow this new dicker seems to alter the direction of American policy by a point or two.

THE note of 25 March strikes us as being a piece of business that Mr. Hughes will some day wish himself well rid of. It is neither loftily moral nor intelligently materialistic; it is just plain foolish. In effect, it bases the refusal of the United States Government to consider trade-relations with Russia on the ground that Russia has neither money nor goods, and could not possibly keep up her end of the game. This is an economic proposition, and the economic test is the only one that will ever prove whether it is sound or not. If Mr. Hughes would only leave off talking about the poor, down-trodden people of Russia, and give the poor, down-trodden people of the United States a chance to make this test, it is not unlikely that the reports on exports and imports, as published by the Department of Commerce, would soon bring this long debate to a conclusion.

THE British executive has taken a sensible course in this matter; the British judiciary is following amiably along behind; and between the two of them, recognition has now been indirectly arrived at. Reversing the decision of Mr. Justice Roche, the British Court of Appeals has held that the signing of the trade-agreement was an act of *de facto* recognition which relieves the British courts of the job of considering the justice and morality of the behaviour of the Soviet Government. Thus official England no longer occupies the position of father-confessor to official Russia. Soviet property in Russia is Soviet property in England; and British merchants are free to make what they can of a situation that is bad enough at best, but is now, perhaps, on the mend. If they make anything at all out of it, they will prove by the test which Mr. Hughes himself proposes, that the British policy is a more horse-sensible one than our own.

THE possible terms of renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance seem to be agitating a good many bosoms these days. The Government of China has recently published the text of its correspondence with the British Government on the subject. It appears that the Chinese Government resents the allusion to China and her integrity which is contained in the present treaty, on the ground that such allusion, in a treaty to which China is not a party, will "seriously impair the dignity and good name of her people." Great Britain is further warned that in case a similar reference shall be included in a renewed treaty, further forbearance on the part of the Chinese Government can not be expected. Just what the Chinese Government and people might do about it is not clear, but the students' boycott has taught the world that nations have at their command economic weapons which when thoroughly understood may be more damaging to their enemies than gas bombs and sixteen-inch guns.

PREMIER HUGHES of Australia continues, but for reasons entirely different from those of the Chinese Government, to display a lively interest in this same subject of Anglo-Japanese relations. The views which he will support at the forthcoming British Imperial Conference have just been cabled to London, and judging from the reports which have appeared in the papers, Mr. Hughes seems to be still trying to contrive some way for Australia to eat her cake and have it too. He wants the alliance renewed because he thinks the safety of Australia depends upon it. Yet he also wants an alliance between the English-speaking peoples which may protect his country from a possible future encounter with "the greatest navy on earth." How to renew the one without losing all chance of accomplishing the other is the question which seems to be keeping him awake nights. Premier Smuts of South Africa, on the other hand, being somewhat farther removed from Japan's front yard than his Australian colleague, is somewhat bolder. He is willing to subscribe to a renewal of the alliance provided that the terms can be made agreeable to the United States. Well, why should they not be made agreeable—that is, the ostensible terms? Recent history has taught us that most alliances have two sets of terms, one for publication, and one for business purposes. Since the first set is only for show, there would appear to be no reason why it should not be made as attractive as possible to all concerned.

REPRESENTATIVES of our newest "infant industry" are quite frank about their reason for demanding, not a tariff, but an embargo, on German dyes. The product now turned out by our domestic dye-factories which were built up during the war, is inferior to the German article; so much so, indeed, that manufacturers are afraid to risk competition with Germany in this field, even with the advantage of a high protective tariff. No doubt the dye-industry in this country would be badly damaged if our markets were thrown open once more to German dyes, for there is no doubt that these dyes are the best to be had anywhere. On the other hand, it is likely to cost the American people a good deal of money if our own dye-industry is to be "fostered" by an embargo during the several years which it will take to accumulate the "vast fund of empirical knowledge" necessary to enable it to turn out a really good product. The business of being unable to buy anything dyed that can be depended upon not to take on strange and unexpected hues at the first contact with water and sunlight has been irksome ever since 1914, and the prospect of extending the experience over an indefinite number of years is not one to be faced cheerfully, even by the most ardent believer in the protection of infant industries.

THE opening of negotiations between the Clothing Manufacturers' Association of New York and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers promises an early termination of a strike and lock-out which has lasted twenty-four weeks. In spite of the fact that a certain number of incorrigibles have resigned from the Employers' Association rather

than deal with the union, the contest has certainly resulted in a technical victory for the Amalgamated. In fact it has shown that even in the presence of a general labour-surplus, a strong organization of skilled workers can give the employers a run for their money. But besides revealing to organized labour the extent of its own power, the contest has resulted in the exertion of a part of this power in a new direction. When provisions were short, the Amalgamated embarked officially and extensively upon the business of co-operative distribution; when the shops were closed to the union men, a small beginning was made in co-operative production. To our way of thinking, this last development is by all odds the most important result of the strike. It is a step away from the conditions that give rise to strikes and lock-outs, and we hope that the step will not be retraced.

It is a source of mild amusement to note how people who submit without a murmur year after year to the exactions of landlords and other monopolists, fire up over the exactions of labour-unions. Thus those worthy Senators who never seem to get greatly exercised over the dishonest exploitation by railway-operators of both the public and the shareholders, were quite aghast the other day at Mr. A. H. Smith's recital of the unearned amounts which he declared the railways had been obliged to pay to workers under the national agreements. For ourselves, we have never been able to see why labour-unions should be expected to be more idealistic than the interests they organize to protect themselves against. They are out, like the railway-operators or any other employer, to get with as little exertion as possible as large a share as possible in the product of the "economic means." When they take advantage of a labour-shortage to impose agreements which force their employers to pay what Mr. Smith calls "punitive overtime," or to employ four men to do what one man did before, they behave shortsightedly in frittering away their advantage over trade-union issues; but their conduct is governed by exactly the same code of ethics which governs the conduct of the employers, and is not more reprehensible.

It is perhaps a little too soon to talk about presidential booms for 1924 but we feel that we should be remiss in the performance of a manifest duty if we failed to indicate in this survey of the outstanding events of the week the increasingly obvious fact that within the next few days Mr. Frank C. Drake of Brooklyn, New York, bids fair to be one of the most popular citizens in the United States. It is credibly reported that already Mr. Drake has the largest mail of any man in New York City. All this fame and acclaim has come to him simply because he has agreed to lead a parade up Fifth Avenue on Independence day as a protest against the "tyranny of the Volstead Act." This paper is not good at picking presidential candidates—in common with the rest of "the underlying population," to use Mr. Veblen's admirable term, we were notably unsuccessful last summer when the conventions were meeting in Chicago and San Francisco—but here in Mr. Drake we have no hesitation in saying that we see unmistakable presidential timber. His programme is brief, bright and brotherly and if he will persevere with it, there is no saying what may happen or where he may find himself when that inevitable day arrives when Mr. Harding's Administration is weighed in the balance and found wanting.

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It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

OUR FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

THE other day Mr. Charles H. Grasty, one of the foreign correspondents of the *New York Times*, sent his paper a wireless dispatch in which he rather gave away the show which the British and French Premiers have lately been playing to crowded houses over the Silesian imbroglio. The actual difference of opinion, he thinks, is much exaggerated; the apparent difference is a matter of French and British domestic politics. The French Premier was about to undergo a grilling from M. Poincaré's intransigents in the Chamber of Deputies, and Mr. Lloyd George's remarks concerning Poland's irregular excursion into Silesia gave him the chance to save himself by a little timely sabre-rattling. Thus once more a threatening domestic difficulty was averted by a spectacular play in the field of foreign relations, just as Mr. Asquith's Government saved itself in 1914 and as Mr. Lloyd George's Government lately by a quick diversion on the trail of the German indemnity saved itself from coming a cropper over the Irish question. Such tactics are a recognized commonplace in political technique; indeed, Mr. Grasty cynically remarks: "I am not criticizing Briand. Like all other Prime Ministers in Europe, his first and most sacred duty is considered to be to survive." After this acute observation, he hazards the prophecy in which this paper had the good fortune to anticipate him by about three weeks, that within a short time—that is, as soon as all the political advantage has been extracted from the present energetic pantomime over Silesia—"the two Celts will be found sitting very amiably together."

Naturally the *Times* and its correspondents would not care to magnify any failure in harmony among the Allied Powers. Nevertheless it is a pleasure to find them talking good sense, from whatever motive; and we think they are right. The freemasonry among officeholders is extremely substantial and dependable. What interests us at present, however, is the bearing of this situation upon the relative merits of responsible and delegated government. Responsible government, such as the English have, is theoretically far better than delegated government, such as we have. Yet in practice, responsible government comes precisely to the kind of thing that we now see. Suppose that both Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand, like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, for example, had a turn for real statesmanship; suppose they could see beyond the advantage of the moment and were able to formulate a policy from the long-time point of view: would they be able to carry such a policy in the face of attack from a watchful and critical Opposition, an unscrupulous Opposition? We think it extremely doubtful. Consider, for example, the matter of the German indemnity. The amount which Germany stands pledged to pay represents an excess of exports over imports, a product of overtime labour for which Germany will receive nothing in return. This overtime product, pouring into foreign markets, will drive down the price of competing domestic products, thus driving down wages, and if its influx goes on unchecked, bringing competing industry to a standstill. Insistence on the indemnity-terms, in short, means commercial war all over the world; it means a world bristling with tariff-barriers, and every tariff-barrier supported by an army and navy. A statesman of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's quality would perceive at once that payment of the German indemnity would

be far more harmful to France and England than to Germany; for although German industry would be sweated, it would be active; while competing French and British industry would be idle through being continuously undersold. Suppose M. Briand, foreseeing this result, had taken the bold stand of sound and enlightened statesmanship—it is ten to one that he would have been turned out of office overnight and his policy dropped in the waste-basket. M. Poincaré and his following, backed by all the small-holding landed proprietors in the country, would have swarmed down on him and eaten him alive.

Now, one of the cult of "the greatest government on earth" would probably say that all this goes to show the immense superiority of a delegated government like ours. In this country, thanks to the fact that the Administration holds a fixed term and that our modification of the party-system makes a "friendly," that is, a subservient Congress fairly certain, a President can construct statesmanlike policies and keep office long enough at least to get them started. Theoretically, this is possible. Practically, however, nothing of the sort can take place; first, because our party-system is not a party-system at all but a bi-partisan system, and second, because those who control our bi-partisan political mechanism take precious good care that no person of any statesmanship is ever nominated to the Presidency. They are so jealous about this that after the nominations last year Mr. Henry L. Mencken was led to fear that ultimately nothing short of an absolute moron would satisfy them. Our bi-partisan system is so scandalously easy to operate that we do not even produce able politicians, in the European sense. Mr. Wilson is probably the ablest that we have produced in a generation; yet three European politicians, and not first-class ones by any means, turned his pockets inside out in one motion.

There is some substantial ground for preferring a responsible government to a delegated government, inasmuch as it is a wholesome thing, probably, that politicians should be made to work a little for what they get, and in a general way, compelled to keep their end up. It is not clear that the people stand to gain much more by the one than the other. Under responsible government, monopoly must usually find fairly able men to act as its agents, while under a delegated government with a bi-partisan system, it can use any sort of flotsam that drifts along, and the poorer the better in some respects, as least likely to make trouble. Otherwise, the distinction seems empty and nominal; and this leads to the conclusion which is being just now forced upon the world's attention, that it is not the mode or form of government but its content that really counts. The vital difference is not between representative and delegated government but between political and administrative government; the difference between government which has for its primary function the protection and enhancement of privilege and government which exists solely to maintain the inalienable rights with which the Creator has endowed human beings.

THE DISTRUST OF THE INTELLECT.

HISTORIANS of thought will not go far wrong, if they describe pragmatism as the best articulation of the American mind of this and the previous decade. The whole theory of instrumentalism is congenial to our temperament, and the philosopher of the future will probably marvel at the close inter-relation, existing in our time, between official metaphysics and popular

belief. Other times, other countries, have offered examples of cordiality between the scholar's closet and the market-place; indeed, in primitive tribes individual differentiation, resulting in private speculation, had not yet occurred. But seldom in modern times has the philosophy identified by foreign nations as national been so characteristic of the bias and instinct of the people it represents as has been ours. In his fundamental point of view James is distinctively American; so is Professor Dewey; so are the later disciples.

On the surface this *entente cordiale* between pragmatism and our native intellectual dispositions has been obscured. The defenders of the instrumental theory of knowledge have recently created a jargon of their own almost unintelligible to the average reader. Besides, the official philosopher in our contemporary life has not even the moderate prestige of the scientist; in fact, it is chiefly in academic circles that anyone is aware of his existence. This is genuine ingratitude on the part of the populace, this giving of the stone of indifference for the bread of philosophic justification. The pragmatic philosopher furnishes, if the populace but knew it, a clearer and more explicit defence of its basic assumptions than it can find in the popular press, the hortatory Chautauqua, or the slightly deliquescent pulpit. He should have monuments erected to him—and he is ignored! Yet the prophets are not without honour, even if they must follow the precept and bring it from abroad; unquestionably it was European respect that finally made us realize what a distinguished man James was.

What is this fundamental bias of the American temperament, which pragmatism makes so logically explicit? It can be summed up in three or four words: Distrust of the intellect. Beliefs may be adjudged true, according to orthodox pragmatic theory, in proportion as our acting upon them adjusts us successfully to our environment, i. e., in proportion as they "work"; where they are concerned with no experientially measurable world—as, say, a belief in God—they can be adjudged true, if they give us subjective satisfaction, which is only another way of putting the first proposition, for again they are true in proportion as they "work." From this point of view, a man's belief in immortality is appraised less from the criterion of whether or not immortality is a fact than from the criterion of whether a belief in it conduces to one's own well-being. It is now an easy theoretical step to the notion that the intellect is a weapon for getting us on, a sharp blade by which we cut our path through the jungle of reality. The conclusion is irresistible: The intellect is an instrument of adjustment, and as such to be respected.

For it would be a grave mistake to say that the American does not respect the intellect; on the contrary he respects it very much. Science, logic, mathematics, efficiency—all indubitably the product of intellectual discipline—command almost his reverence. But he respects the intellect precisely as an engineer respects a dynamo, not for what it is but for what it can do. He respects it as a truly marvellous mechanism responsible for model sewage-systems, electric lights, automobiles, skyscrapers, and the popular magazine. Yet he is deeply distrustful of it; he is nervous at the intellect working in the void; it must grapple with some external problem before he can be comfortable. We blush to see the intellect naked; it must immediately be clothed in good works before it can become respectable enough for entrance into American society. The average citizen would feel that there was something a trifle obscene in a modern Plato or Socrates, going

about asking embarrassing questions and, as our idiom has it, "never getting anywhere." The purpose of life, in our common national assumption, is to "get on," and when the intellect ceases to be a handy instrument for furthering that central purpose it is not doing its job. Not only is it not doing its job, but in such an unhappy contingency, it may actually be a hindrance to "getting on," which of course is a sin against the American Holy Ghost. Foreign philosophers, not imbued with pragmatic metaphysics, are regarded with suspicion as people who have perverted the intellect from its high function of furthering success to the baser uses of mere contemplation.

This distrust of the intellect goes very deep in our national life. When it is put in its place, as the instrumentalists so skilfully do, the intellect has a respectable *raison d'être*. But the attention of the American is seldom on the thing itself—it shifts almost instantaneously to the objects with which the intellect deals. In fact, in some later developments, consciousness itself is denied, being reduced to a mere cross-section of its data. In this world of objects the American feels at home, and he is grateful to the instrument which enables him to move around in it so dexterously. When, *per contra*, the intellect asserts its own claims and challenges his other values, the American feels resentful. He hates to be distracted from his relentless pursuit of objects, to be calm and circumspect and introspective. "Onward and upward" is his motto.

Consequently in contemporary American life there is little sense of the validity of thinking a thing through on its own account, i. e., any belief in genuine intellectual values. The American indeed suspects that there are no such values—that what are called such are merely dust stirred up by the impractical to hide their defeat in the business of getting on. Hence such a phrase as "intellectual humility" is almost meaningless to us; we are arrogant about our achievements; we have been successful; in so far the intellect has justified us. But we hardly understand what is meant when a critic says that only the intellect itself can justify the intellect; that there are intrinsic values in contemplation hardly comparable to the values of externally successful living. We have definitely discredited the intellect by making of it a tool, an instrument. Yet surveying our proud and mechanically successful civilization, may not many a detached foreigner reflect and echo the words of Joubert: "In my weakness there is strength, whereas in the strength of many there is weakness—the weakness is in the instrument."

MR. COOLIDGE ON DIRECT ACTION.

It appears to us that socialism, syndicalism, bolshevism and general nonconformity in American colleges and universities is a cloud no larger than a man's hand; and on this account we are somewhat surprised to see that a number of people have now fixed their gaze upon this small discoloration of the firmament. Still there can be no great harm in a telescopic examination of the phenomenon; the very meagreness of the results may stir the extra-collegiate bolsheviks to enter a field that is still so nearly virgin.

For instance, no good extremist of any sort can read without self-reproach the answer which the Vice-President of the United States has just made to the question, "Are the 'Reds' stalking our college women?" This question appears as the sub-title of an article on "Enemies of the Republic" which Mr. Coolidge has managed to compile for the current issue of the *Delinicator*, in odd moments when the United States

might be sleeping comfortably and not demanding his official attention.

We use the word "compile" advisedly, for internal evidence has led us to the conclusion that Mr. Coolidge's second sub-secretary has recently circulated around among the women's colleges of the East, examining the files of student-publications, checking up the contents of libraries, listening in on gossip, and engaging in such other activities as were necessary for the collection of the horrible examples which Mr. Coolidge has since pieced together in the form of an article. We must believe that it was done that way. We can not bear to think that a Vice-President of the United States went through the dusty volumes of the *Vassar Miscellany* in search of such innocent items as this one (which Mr. Coolidge quotes in italics):

Miss Smith was quite favourably impressed by the Soviet Ambassador, and struck by his moderation and intelligence compared to the narrowness of some of the [Senate] Committee.

Yet in another place Mr. Coolidge gives the name of a member of the faculty at Wellesley, and then says parenthetically, "she is said to have voted for Debs for President at the recent election." Our author seems to forget that Mr. Debs was legally nominated for a higher office than he himself now holds; he forgets also the numberless legal provisions that guarantee the free and secret exercise of the franchise. Whatever the nature of the Wellesleyan professor's vote may have been, she was acting, when she voted, in complete accord with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, while the official who quotes rotten-borough gossip in an attack upon her shows himself willing to smash the Constitution over the head of anyone who attempts to use it in a new way.

Indeed it is not often that one of our great men exhibits so openly as Mr. Coolidge does, a disposition to go outside the law in order to defend something which he thinks is more precious than the law. The collegiate malady of which he complains is a "radicalism decidedly hostile to our American form of government, to the established personal right to hold property, and to the long-recognized sanctions of civilized society." Yet he says in another place that here in the United States

there is power of revolution, not, as in other lands, through war, but through peace and in strict compliance at all times with the law of the land . . . such action, because it is peaceful, because its method has the sanction of the law, may be none the less radical, none the less revolutionary. . . .

Thus the law is not enough. What Mr. Coolidge wants is a kind of extra-legal persecution that will keep college people from doing the things that the Constitution gives them the right to do. What he asks for is direct action in limitation of civil liberty—direct action against people who had been speculating mildly upon the possibilities of *political* action, and have voted occasionally in accordance with their conscience. Every student-publication referred to in Mr. Coolidge's paper is in effect cited for faculty-investigation; every instructor whose name appears in the honour-roll is branded "suspect," and placed in professional jeopardy for lawful behaviour that has nothing to do with his profession; and the job is finished off with an editorial suggestion of a fathers' and mothers' muck-raking party, with a subsequent clean-up of the colleges, if conditions are found to be as bad as Mr. Coolidge's report would indicate.

All this ought to do the college nonconformists a great deal of good. Perhaps most of them know already that Mr. Coolidge and his friends are only

mildly interested in the integrity of the Constitution, about which they talk so much, and are really concerned only for the preservation of the system of exploitation which lies behind the Constitution and the Government. Most of the young *revoltés* may know this, but how many of them realize the significance of the readiness with which elected officials of the Government counsel resort to direct action to invalidate the workings of the very political system they pretend to uphold?

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF JUSTICE.

THE other day, feeling depressed by the contemplation of public affairs, we picked up a volume of that excellent and austere guide of our youth, Mr. Jowett, the commentator on Plato, and refreshed ourselves with his remarks upon the great gulf fixed between philosophy and statesmanship. There we found the following, which so well describes the behaviour of the Versailles peace conference and of the Allied premiers ever since, whether in their relations with Germany, Russia, their own people, or with one another, that one would say it had been written only yesterday, perhaps by Mr. Lowes Dickinson or M. Anatole France:

As the philosopher is apt to fail in the routine of political life, so the ordinary statesman is apt to fail in extraordinary crises. When the face of the world is beginning to alter, and thunder is heard in the distance, he is still guided by the old maxims and is the slave of his inveterate party-prejudices; he can not perceive the signs of the times; instead of looking forward, he looks back; he learns nothing and forgets nothing; with 'wise saws and modern instances' he would stem the rising tide of the revolution. He lives more and more within the circle of his own party as the world within him becomes stronger. This seems to be the reason why the old order of things makes so poor a figure when confronted with the new, why churches can never reform, why most political changes are made blindly and convulsively. The great crises in the history of nations have often been met by an ecclesiastical positiveness, and a more obstinate re-assertion of principles which have lost their hold upon a nation. The fixed ideas of a reactionary statesman may be compared to madness; they grow upon him and he becomes possessed by them; no judgment of others is ever admitted by him to be weighed in the balance against his own.

Yes, there it is; there is the public character of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, M. Briand, of every principal actor in the critical period when indeed "the face of the world is beginning to alter." Yet disappointment is unreasonable; it proceeds from the strange, the almost superstitious assumption that the concern of a statesman, like that of a philosopher, is with truth and justice; and that in a crisis he must and will maintain the interest of justice with the stringency of a philosopher. He can not do this because he must serve the interest of the State; and this has nothing in common, except perhaps occasionally and by accident, with the interest of justice. Hence it is that the State has no place for the statesman who is at the same time a philosopher. If he be a philosopher, like Mr. Balfour, for example, or to some degree Mr. Wilson, he must leave his philosophy at home in his library when he goes forth to serve the State. His philosophy commits him to justice; the State commits him to procedure.

The thoughts set in motion by Mr. Jowett interested us so much that we turned back to our old stand-by, the "Republic" of Plato. Socrates was aware of the fact which is now becoming evident to nearly everybody, that the *actual* State is established not on justice but on injustice. It is surprising to see how little there is in all the afflictions that we experience from legis-

latures and statesmen that he too had not experienced and understood. He knew the typical politician, and drew a picture of him that would make Mr. Penrose, say, if confronted with it, look as self-conscious as a schoolgirl. He knew the difficulty of altering a constitution. He even knew, poor soul! the liberal and the reformer who place their faith in legislation, and greatly was he pestered by them, "always fancying" as they do to-day "that by legislation they will make an end of frauds in contracts, and other rascalities, not knowing that they are in reality cutting off the heads of a hydra." On this point of legislation breeding legislation, and as illustrating the pernicious activity of the liberal in the modern State, nothing could be better than this: "They are always doctoring and increasing and complicating their disorders, and always fancying that they will be cured by any nostrum which anybody advises them to try."

After discussing with his friends the framework and machinery of the ideal State, Socrates goes out in search of the principle of justice, around which all this machinery is to be organized. It interested us very much to observe what has never been brought out competently by commentators on Plato, as far as we know them, how closely Socrates here approaches the discovery of fundamental justice. In building up his definition, he begins:

You remember the original principle which we were always laying down at the foundation of the State, that one man should practise one thing only, the thing to which his nature was best adapted; now justice is this principle, or a part of it.

Yes, we often said that one man should do one thing only.

Further, we affirmed that justice was doing one's own business, and not being a busybody; we said so again and again, and many others have said the same to us.

Yes, we said so.

Justice then, in large part, is *mindings one's own business*; "doing one's own business, and not being a busybody." Why, but this is the antithesis of nearly all that obtains to-day; it runs counter to the whole theory of justice that is now popularly held. It is mighty hard for anyone to do his own business nowadays, even if he wishes to, for busybodies run amuck in the State and push their inquisitive noses into every department of one's life. In Athens and in Sparta they also had endured a deal of that sort of thing. Socialism under Pericles had raised State control and State interference to a point where philosophers were driven, as they are being driven to-day, to consider how on earth they could get rid of their busybodies. Then Socrates approaches his definition at another angle:

Are law-suits decided on any other ground but that a man may neither take what is another's nor be deprived of what is his own?

Yes, that is their principle.

Which is a just principle?

Yes.

Then on this view also, justice will be admitted to be the having and doing what is a man's own and belongs to him.

Socrates then approaches his definition at yet another angle by giving an illustration of the meddling policy whereby the State makes a man turn from the work that he is fitted for and do the work of another—the policy whereby we send a mediocre lawyer to the Congress or a country-newspaper proprietor to the Presidency. Socrates was fully aware of the political ills that arise from the ignorant fumbling of legislators who know nothing of the science of economics and yet pretend to legislate for the economics of a whole land. He experienced all this at Athens where under Pericles there were six thousand paid members in the dicasteries. The nepotism, corruption and prejudice that

entered into this system, notwithstanding the fair account of it given by Mr. Grote, justified Socrates's condemnation of the absurd policy shown "when the cobbler or any other man whom nature designed to be a trader, having his heart lifted up by wealth or strength or the number of his followers, or any like advantage, attempts to force his way into the class of warriors, or a warrior into that of legislators."

At the conclusion of a long and eloquent passage, he asks this striking question:

Is not the creation of justice the institution of a natural order and government of one by another in the parts of the soul, and the creation of injustice the production of a state of things at variance with the natural order?

This postulate of the *natural order* makes one wonder whether the socialists of all schools are quite right in counting Socrates among the prophets. To us, his doctrine of justice seems a pretty strict anticipation of the *laissez-faire, laissez-passer* of the Physiocrats, and of the more familiar adaptation, "Equal opportunity for all, special privilege for none." It does not appear to us anywhere that Socrates thought of justice as a right legislated to the people, something presented to them by the State. He seems to think that we are not State-created creatures, or, as the catastrophic socialists intimate, that all the rights we possess are derived from the State. For him, justice arose out of the natural order, natural rights precede the State, and justice in the State is the same precisely as the justice inherent in the individual. The only justification for the State is in its one function of securing to the individual and to the community what is severally "their own and belongs to them" by natural right. Simply establish the *natural order*, reinstitute and confirm the natural right of ownership—and then simply keep hands off and let everybody mind his own business, as under the natural order, everybody would be able to do and would indeed prefer to do.

The doctrine which we find thus to have been propounded by Socrates needs but slight and simple amplification. The natural order upon which ownership is based may be negatively expressed by saying that what one does not create one can not own. Man is a producer; his labour and his capital applied to natural resources, produce wealth, and in justice he should own the full value of his product. But natural resources themselves are not produced; they are created, and therefore by "the institution of a natural order" they can not be owned by individuals, but as Mr. Jefferson says, they are merely to be "held in usufruct" by each generation of men as it passes upon the earth. So when Socrates referred the establishment of justice in the State to the "institution of a natural order," he seems to have gotten nearer to a fundamental definition than the commentators realize, especially those who would enshrine his homely face in the ancestral portrait-gallery of socialism.

ON THE IRISH FRONT.

HOSPITAL is a small village in County Limerick, Ireland, so called because the Knights Hospitallers once had a monastery there. We came to Hospital on a grey day, a cool, still day, wet after a rain. The wide fields of the Limerick plain were deeply green, and not far away the Tipperary hills curved in shades of misty violet. The little gathering of houses seemed to be set down in an infinitude of quiet peace, as blissfully away from the world as one could well imagine. As we turned into the street, I noticed the huge grey arches and lancet windows of the ruined monastery. In a wall of ivied stone, some one had scooped an open shrine to the Virgin. The tall, blue and white figure stood bright against the dark foliage, and before it were two kneeling, black-shawled women.

The street was deserted. I had barely time to enjoy the gaily painted cottages, before, suddenly, we were in the centre of the village. There the mood of country calm was viciously torn. In front of two pink houses rose a semi-circular fort of sandbags, breast high. It was filled with some thirty or forty English soldiers. Others were perched in the windows. They were all quite noisy and exhilarated. (I learned later that they had commandeered two public-houses, giving the owners twenty minutes to get out.) Two machine-guns pointed up and down the street. Trench-helmets and fixed bayonets were in evidence. A sergeant stepped forward, halted us brusquely, and, with bayonets pointed at us, our car, the men in it and our papers were searched. There is no experience more commonplace in Ireland now, and even I ought to have been used to it by that time, but I wasn't. Whenever I had to stand by and watch civilians being searched and bullied by soldiers, hot floods of rage swept through me, rage that shamed me because it had to be silent.

Well, the search was over at last, and we went on. We were going to visit the co-operative creamery, which was reported to have been partially destroyed by the military. There were still no people in the street, only now and then a shy head peeped from a door. Nearly all the windows of the cottages were broken, and there were bullet-marks in the walls. The creamery was at the end of the village. After some trouble we found the assistant manager, and after a great deal of trouble we got his personal testimony. This was interesting and terrifying enough, and quite conclusive against the forces of the Crown, but not half as significant as he was himself. He was a dazed man. It was in watching him that I first became really aware of the paralysis of horror that held the village in its grip. At the beginning he would hardly talk to us, then as we mentioned America, he brightened up enough to invite us into his office, a dismal little room, littered with books and papers, "thrown here after the fire," he apologized. He apologized also for the blue stubble on his white face, and for his crumpled clothes—hadn't slept for several nights, waiting for the soldiers to come back and "finish up." He had had to do all the work of the badly disabled creamery because the manager had gone to Dublin.

Why had he gone to Dublin? This seemed to us a time when he was needed at home. Well, he had to go. Had the same name as a Sinn Fein organizer in a near-by village, and his wife was terribly nervous. Didn't we know what had happened to poor Lynch right here in Hospital? Lynch we had already learned was the cobbler whom the English soldiers had shot, mistaking him for a man of the same name in Kilmallock. The story had been in every paper, and has never been denied. But it sounded more close and fearful when, in his bewildered way, this man pointed out of the window and said, "They live a couple of houses down the road, Lynch's old father and his two sisters. Lynch hadn't any politics, and he was a poor simple-minded fellow, but he made a living for the family. One night last week the soldiers came in and asked him his name. He said it was Lynch and then they went out again. In a few minutes they came back again and said 'the officer wants you.' He went out with them, and in about half an hour a couple of the neighbours brought him back, dead. They'd found him in the road in a pool of blood and with three bullet wounds in his forehead. The soldiers said he had been shot while trying to escape, and they refused to attend the inquest. If they'd do that to a poor simple fellow like Lynch, why there's no telling what they'd do. Why, they might take any one of us out and shoot us, for nothing at all. Nobody is safe."

We got up to go. After he had said good-bye, he looked at us with dim, mournful eyes and burst out suddenly: "You're lucky. You can go away. But go back and tell America we're enslaved!"

He wasn't exactly a heroic figure, our poor, middle-aged friend, and yet he was sticking it out at the doomed creamery, instead of taking to the blue Tipperary hills, as many other Irishmen have had to. They are hardly to be blamed. "We're terrified altogether," said a woman at whose cottage we were getting a cup of tea. Twisting an apron-tip, she told us quite simply and touchingly how scared they were when the soldiers came around, bayonets fixed, and took all the eggs from the hen-houses, drunk half the time, "and you daren't say no to them for fear they'd do to you what they did to Lynch." They were always raiding the homes, "opening everything and reading all your private correspondence. Then one night last week they got out the two machine-guns and just shot up and down the street for four or five hours, and the people ran out in the fields and up in the hills."

The English correspondent, who happened to be with us, played with the fringes of the tablecloth. I really felt sorry

for him. He was an honest man who loved England and who at that time still had some faith left, even in the Black and Tans. He had tried to vindicate the soldiers in Hospital by surmising that a policeman had been killed there, but even this excuse for the persecution of innocent people had been taken away from him. There had been no violence in Hospital until the English came, and then only from them.

When we passed the sandbag-fort, we were halted and searched again, slowly, stupidly, insolently. Covered by machine-guns, ringed in by fixed bayonets, we stood while the soldiers prodded and lifted and cross-examined—dull, wooden-faced youths they were, slightly flushed. If they hadn't been in khaki in Ireland, they would have been dodging work in England, but just as I was finding this bitter satisfaction I realized that it mustn't be conveyed by the flicker of an eyelid. Nothing really happened to us, but as a soldier began fooling with his rifle, I got a sudden sense of our complete helplessness. It was the sense that, after all, nothing stood between us and summary death except the caprice of these boys, these "brats with bayonets," as an English official himself has called them. If they made a fuddled decision that we were Sinn Feiners disguised as correspondents, the most we could hope for would be an inquiry three months after "the unfortunate accident," with the inevitable official decision that our shooting was justified since we had laid ourselves open to suspicion by "evading arrest" or by being seen with Sinn Feiners, or etc., etc. Nothing we could say to these guns and bayonets would make any difference. Steel is so intolerant.

The search ended, we were let pass. We sped down the empty street, away from the sandbags. We passed the ruined monastery. The black-shawled women were still kneeling to the Virgin. As one of them lifted a long, thin arm, my sense of relief turned to something resembling shame. Our haste seemed curiously like running away, like abandoning a small child to the flogging of a bully. It was a ridiculous idea. Five minutes before I had realized our utter unimportance, and yet—somehow it didn't seem fair to be leaving Hospital like that. It lay there so completely helpless, and it had to stay there. The thatched cottages were pitifully small and huddled together. The fields were green about them, and the hills were blue, and the quiet was as deep as when we came, but it was an ominous quiet. Hospital, I felt, was too far away from the world.

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

CHEKHOV'S NOTEBOOK.

OF some writers each work taken separately is brilliant, but taken as a whole they are indefinite; of others each particular work represents nothing outstanding; but, for all that, taken as a whole they are distinct and brilliant.

N. RINGS at the door of an actress; he is nervous, his heart beats, at the critical moment he gets into a panic and runs away; the maid opens the door and sees nobody. He returns, rings again—but has not the courage to go in. In the end the porter comes out and gives him a thrashing.

A GENTLE quiet schoolmistress secretly beats her pupils, because she believes in the good of corporal punishment.

N.: "Not only the dog, but even the horses howled."

N. MARRIES. His mother and sister see a great many faults in his wife; they are distressed, and only after four or five years realize that she is just like themselves.

AFTER his marriage everything—politics, literature, society—did not seem to him as interesting as they had before; but now every trifle concerning his wife and child became a most important matter.

"WHY are thy songs so short?" a bird was once asked. "Is it because thou art short of breath?"—"I have very many songs and I should like to sing them all." (A. Daudet.)

If you wish to become an optimist and understand life, stop believing what people say and write, observe and discover for yourself.

FAITH is a spiritual faculty; animals have not got it; savages and uncivilized people have merely fear and doubt. Only highly developed natures can have faith.

DEATH is terrible, but still more terrible is the feeling that you might live for ever and never die.

THE public really love in art that which is banal and long familiar, that to which they have grown accustomed.

A PROGRESSIVE, educated, young, but stingy school guardian inspects the school every day, makes long speeches there, but does not spend a penny on it; the school is falling to pieces, but he considers himself useful and necessary. The teacher hates him, but he does not notice it. The harm is great. Once the teacher, unable to stand it any longer, facing him with anger and disgust, bursts out swearing at him.

TEACHER: "Pushkin's centenary should not be celebrated; he did nothing for the church."

THE dog hates the teacher; they tell it not to bark at him; it looks, does not bark, only whimpers with rage.

HUSBAND and wife zealously followed X.'s idea and built up their life according to it as if it were a formula. Only just before death they asked themselves: "Perhaps that idea is wrong? Perhaps the saying '*mens sana in corpore sano*' is untrue?"

I DETEST: a playful Jew, a radical Ukrainian, and a drunken German.

THE University brings out all abilities, including stupidity.

THE most intolerable people are provincial celebrities.

OWING to our flightiness, because the majority of us are unable and unaccustomed to think or to look deeply into life's phenomena, nowhere else do people so often say: "How banal!" nowhere else do people regard so superficially, and often contemptuously other people's merits or serious questions. On the other hand, nowhere else does the authority of a name weigh so heavily as with us Russians, who have been abased by centuries of slavery and fear freedom . . .

A DOCTOR advised a merchant to eat soup and chicken. The merchant thought the advice ironical. At first he ate dinner of *botvinya* and pork, and then, as if recollecting the doctor's orders, ordered soup and chicken and swallowed them down too, thinking it a great joke.

A MUSSULMAN for the salvation of his soul digs a well. It would be a pleasant thing if each of us left a school, a well, or something like that, so that life should not pass away into eternity without leaving a trace behind it.

THE nobleman X. sold his estate to N. with all the furniture according to an inventory, but he took away everything else, even the oven-dampers, and after that N. hated all noblemen.

THE rich, intellectual X., of peasant origin, implored his son: "Mike, don't get out of your class. Be a peasant until you die, do not become a nobleman, nor a merchant, nor a bourgeois. If, as they say, the Zemstvo officer now has the right to inflict corporal punishment on peasants, then let him also have the right to punish you." He was proud of his peasant origin, he was even haughty about it.

THEY celebrated the birthday of an honest man. Took the opportunity to show off and praise one another. Only towards the end of the dinner they suddenly discovered that the man had not been invited; they had forgotten.

A GENTLE quiet woman, getting into a temper says: "If I were a man, I would just bash your filthy mug."

FATHER EPAMINOND catches fish and puts them in his pocket; then, when he gets home, he takes out a fish at a time, as he wants it, and fries it.

(To be continued.)

THE REIGN OF SUPERSTITION.

IT is a paradox of history that the last thing about an age which is known by those who live in it is its plain and obvious characteristics. The nuances of our common spiritual existence are platitudes to us; but what lies—so clearly!—underneath these, what gives a whole world its character, only a succeeding generation looking across a hundred years can tell.

The explanation of this, as of every paradox, is simple. The variations in a common existence can be objectively perceived, simply because they are variations, and are outside the norm; but the obvious, the general, is invincibly subjective; even the exceptions are exceptions *within* it. The norm is fatally taken for granted, or, rather, it is more than taken for granted: it is the unconscious and invisible net in which men and societies live and move and have their being. Consequently, an age can discover its nature only by flying over itself—a difficult thing, but not impossible; it has often been done, and it has not been done oftener, chiefly because it is seldom attempted. The attempt is unique in this, that it seeks to discover not the most subtle and profound truths about itself, but the most obvious. One must not rest until one finds the most obvious thing in the world, if one is to discover the truth about one's age. For the study of other ages the opposite method may be required; but that need not concern us so immediately, for our own life is after all our most pressing concern. We have survived other ages, but we can not survive our own.

First one must not assume that the obvious is the expected. On the contrary; it has generally an appearance of profundity, and it is sometimes incredible. Nothing can be more striking than the awe, the sense of illumination which the simplest sayings of great men, of Heraclitus, of Christ, of Leonardo, of Pascal, awaken periodically and eternally in the minds of men. It is not that these sayings are difficult; they arouse wonder, indeed, because they are incredibly simple, so simple that it is almost impossible for people to think them. For man is misunderstood so long as we do not conceive him as the most complex animal, perhaps the only animal to whom the truth comes always as a surprise.

The truth about our own age, therefore, one hardly likes to mention; it will appear incredible, too simple, and considering the character of the period, disappointing. Yet our general character can be described in a few words: everywhere and always we feel mystery rather than curiosity before things. To say this is to say that we are superstitious. A single glance—alas, we are generally incapable of a *single* glance—is sufficient to tell us that we habitually ignore the plain truth about everything. It is true, we study things more thoroughly and more seriously than any generation which has preceded ours; we are bolder in descending into abysses; but our quest is always absurdly concluded with a heterodox prayer, in which the reign of mystery, the chief inhibition of man in all ages, is affirmed. Thus our study of nature and of ourselves is fatally stultified. For the temptation to carry darkness even into the quest of light is almost unconquerable.

To take an obvious illustration, those of us who did our sums correctly at school must remember that the condition of doing them at all was a conviction that there was no mystery in arithmetic. That conviction, almost by its own virtue, carried us through. On the other hand, what stultified the dull boys was not sheer stupidity, but the paralysing belief that in arithmetic there was something occult, that both the problem and the result were mysterious, and not that the one was as simple as the other. Well, the human race are without exception dull boys, with a few of them, it is true, heroically struggling against their dullness. Consequently the capacity for inventing mysteries is almost inexhaustible. Politics is a mystery, and to the politicians as much as to the electors. Economics is a mystery, and to the economists most of all. Religion, art, literature, philosophy are mysteries: we have still to discover that in these things two and two make four. Yet, even in religion two and two make four; for without a belief in arithmetic one can not understand the Trinity. But examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely. The attitude is universal; and to designate it the best word is *superstition*.

In the common, unperceived life of our time superstition incarnates itself in a myriad ways. It, and not mere lethargy, makes us tolerate, for instance, the stupid abomination of capital punishment; for we execute men still, not because it does us or them good, but because there is generally thought to be an occult virtue in execution. Our belief in hanging is really a belief in hanging for hanging's sake. Certain intellectuals like Mr. G. K. Chesterton, again, swear by the inviolability of marriage, not because it is the happiest arrangement that can be made, but because they have a superstition which says that the most disgusting things are consummated in heaven. It may be true: certainly if these marriages are consummated at all, it must be in heaven, for the earth has no use for them. But the most diversified arguments (for superstition is prolific in arguments: it can have a thousand where reason can have only one) are used to justify the most inhuman things. Brutalizing labour, slavery, destitution, "the struggle for existence" generally, are justified, not by assessing their natural and obvious results—but by attributing to them a tragic, mystical virtue. When people try to alter this unhappy condition by trying to place reason on the throne of hocus-pocus, they are confronted by the most horrific superstition of all, that of "human nature"; and so their estate is not only made miserable, but the misery is perpetuated.

The struggle between reason and superstition is not a struggle between intelligence and stupidity. The one side is as intelligent as the other; and the superstitious are perhaps the more subtle: compare for example, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, a Voltaire on the wrong side, with the real Voltaire. Natural gifts, intellectual brilliance, may in any age be arrayed in the greater power on one side or the other; but what separates the two forces is a different temper; the one feels curiosity and uses reason on whatever in the world is unsolved; the other feels awe and invents arguments to justify it. Greece and the Europe of the Renaissance believed, and it was the chief source of their glory, that mysteries could be solved. The writers of the last decade in England, to name an infinitely smaller movement, believed in the emancipation of the mind by the use of reason. Our own age does not: the greatest talents are at present ranged on the other side. The school of novelists and poets who are superseding Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells in England are conspicuous negatively for a renunciation of the intellect. They

study their age conscientiously and courageously, but, alas, they do not study it with the irreverence of the artist for his subject matter, an irreverence which finds not a mystery, but an incongruity in superstition. Their very seriousness, their very impartiality, prevent them from attaining an emancipated temper: they wish only to experience, without valuing, and while they are intrepid and honest enough to descend into any dungeon, it is a point of honour with them to descend without a lantern. Everywhere mystery! Everywhere respect for mystery! Nowhere the belief that the mind can triumph over the problems of "nature"—for this is ridiculed as a naive illusion. Yet it is the only belief fit for man, the highest being on earth, in whose hands is the sovereignty of a planet.

The spectacle of man, the most intrepid, rash, arrogant and dauntless of all creatures, who has miraculously half conquered the planet, becoming suddenly pious towards nature, by violating which he has aggrandized himself, sprawling on all fours before the enigma, which, if he is to fulfil his destiny—the mastery over all life—he must solve, must be the strangest and the most shameful which the gods have ever witnessed. At its present age this should fill our species with a sort of personal shame.

But the strangest, the most neurotic, the most paradoxical thing in this comedy, marking man as the most diseased as well as the most daring of animals, as the pathological animal *par excellence*, is that his mysteries and superstitions are gloomy, while the truth is cheerful. Why should he cling to his inferiority and his fear?—for superstition is grounded on inferiority to whatever is enigmatical. It is chiefly because a superstition once established hypnotizes men into believing that it is eternal. Life, it says, is of such and such a nature; and life becomes what it is conceived to be, and actually as such has to be endured. The outcome of this piece of spiritual legerdemain is "human nature," and "necessity"—mere vulgar fatalism, for life is not what it "is" but what we conceive it to be. Yet once accepted, this conception of life can be made grand and sublime, all the æsthetic emotions can be gathered round it: but all that, happily, proves nothing, as they say in the Russian novels. It is the saddest trick of that conjuror with a broken heart, man, to teach in song what he has not learnt in suffering, and to glorify with the most beautiful fictions failure, suffering and blindness.

What finally makes a campaign against superstition propitious is not the virtue of the attackers, but a quality in superstition itself: it eventually becomes a burden, and mankind, if sufficient vitality remains in it, is irresistibly driven to throw it off. When it is thrown off, the immediate result is a great sense of relief, a feeling of universal holiday, such as we can still experience in retrospect in regarding the great period of Greece and the Europe of the Renaissance. Events of this kind are really attempts to do what appears to be, but what is not, impossible: to start the world afresh with a clean sheet. In defiance of the axiom that humanity can not become younger, humanity did at those moments become younger; for it is superstition that is old; reason is still young, and Greece and the Renaissance were attempts to begin a new world. If only, then, from the need of a sort of spiritual cleansing, which many of us already feel, the old dispensation of superstition will eventually dissolve and disappear, and our age will be finished, and a new age begun.

Already the conditions are in existence which make the near destruction of superstition probable. People

do feel superstition as a burden; they do groan under it as Russia groaned under her immemorial chains before the Revolution; and it may be that in other countries a sort of intellectual Russian Revolution will take place; people will simply once for all and irrevocably "hand in their ticket," refuse to carry the old world on their backs any longer, and begin with a new, much smaller, and less complicated one: a world which they will watch night and day lest it should slip out of their mastery. For the virtue of reason is not merely that it emancipates us from the terrors which, long before the time of Lucretius and ever since, superstition has let loose on men; but that by reducing the world to intellectual order it gives us mastery over it. Mystery, awe, reverence, superstition—these are "moods" which affirm and perpetuate the sovereignty of things over man; these are man's greatest inhibitions; but reason in its very constitution is the heroic affirmation of the present and potential mastery of man over things; and as such, it is the eternal truth of man. For man's meaning and destiny—the *only* one which concerns us on this star—is to attain absolute empire over himself and the world, and in the most complete and unconditional sense, to master Fate. To "be true to the earth," to use Nietzsche's phrase, this is the highest possible thing—and it is possible.

EDWIN MUIR.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHEKHOV.

II

I THINK that in Anton Chekhov's presence everyone involuntarily felt in himself a desire to be simpler, more truthful, more himself; I often saw how people cast off the motley finery of bookish phrases, smart words, and all the other cheap tricks with which a Russian, wishing to figure as a European, adorns himself, like a savage with shells and fish's teeth. Anton Chekhov disliked fish's teeth and cock's feathers; anything "brilliant" or foreign, assumed by a man to make himself look bigger, disturbed him; I noticed that, whenever he saw anyone dressed up in this way, he had a desire to free him from all that oppressive, useless tinsel and to find underneath the genuine face and living soul of the person. All his life Chekhov lived on his own soul; he was always himself, inwardly free, and he never troubled about what some people expected and others—coarser people—demanded of Anton Chekhov. He did not like conversations about deep questions, conversations with which our dear Russians so assiduously comfort themselves, forgetting that it is ridiculous, and not at all amusing, to argue about velvet costumes in the future when in the present one has not even a decent pair of trousers. Beautifully simple himself, he loved everything simple, genuine, sincere, and he had a peculiar way of making other people simple.

Once, I remember, three luxuriously dressed ladies came to see him; they filled his room with the rustle of silk skirts and the smell of strong scent; they sat down politely opposite their host, pretended that they were interested in politics, and began "putting questions": "Anton Pavlovitch, what do you think? How will the war end?"

Anton Pavlovitch coughed, thought for a while, and then gently, in a serious and kindly voice, replied: "Probably in peace."

"Well, yes . . . certainly. But who will win? The Greeks or the Turks?"

"It seems to me that those will win who are the stronger."

"And who, do you think, are the stronger?" all the ladies asked together.

"Those who are the better fed and the better educated."

"Ah, how clever," one of them exclaimed.

"And whom do you like best?" another asked.

Anton Pavlovitch looked at her kindly, and answered with a meek smile: "I love candied fruit, don't you?"

"Very much," the lady exclaimed gaily.

"Especially Abrikossov's," the second agreed solidly. And the third, half closing her eyes, added with relish: "It smells so good."

Then all three began to talk with vivacity, revealing, on the subject of candied fruit, great erudition and subtle knowledge. It was obvious that they were happy at not having to strain their minds and pretend to be seriously interested in Turks and Greeks, to whom up to that moment they had not given a thought. When they left, they merrily promised Anton Pavlovitch: "We will send you some candied fruit."

"You managed that nicely," I observed when they had gone.

Anton Pavlovitch laughed quietly and said: "Everyone should speak his own language."

On another occasion I found at his house a young and prettyish Crown prosecutor. He was standing in front of Chekhov, shaking his curly head, and speaking briskly: "In your story, 'The Conspirator,' you, Anton Pavlovitch, put before me a very complex case. If I admit in Denis Grigoriev a criminal and conscious intention, then I must, without any reservation, bundle him into prison, in the interests of the community. But he is a savage; he did not realize the criminality of his act. I feel pity for him. But suppose I regard him as a man who acted without understanding, and suppose I yield to my feeling of pity, how can I guarantee the community that Denis will not again unscrew the nut in the sleepers and wreck a train? That's the question. What's to be done?"

He stopped, threw himself back, and fixed an inquiring look on Anton Pavlovitch's face. His uniform was quite new, and the buttons shone as self-confidently and dully on his chest as did the little eyes in the pretty, clean, little face of the youthful enthusiast for justice.

"If I were judge," said Anton Pavlovitch gravely, "I would acquit Denis."

"On what grounds?"

"I would say to him: you, Denis, have not ripened into the type of the deliberate criminal; go—and ripen."

The lawyer began to laugh, but instantly again became pompously serious and said: "No, sir, the question put by you must be answered only in the interests of the community whose life and property I am called upon to protect. Denis is a savage, but he is also a criminal—that is the truth."

"Do you like gramophones?" suddenly asked Anton Pavlovitch in his soft voice.

"O yes, very much. An amazing invention!" the youth answered gaily.

"And I can't stand gramophones," Anton Pavlovitch confessed sadly.

"Why?"

"They speak and sing without feeling. Everything seems like a caricature—dead. Do you like photography?"

It appeared that the lawyer was a passionate lover of photography; he began at once to speak of it with enthusiasm, completely uninterested, as Chekhov had subtly and truly noticed, in the gramophone, despite

his admiration for that "amazing invention." Again I observed how there looked out of that uniform a living and rather amusing little man, whose feelings towards life were still those of a puppy hunting.

When Anton Pavlovitch had seen him out, he said sternly: "They are like pimples on the seat of justice—disposing of the fate of people."

Then after a short silence: "Crown prosecutors must be very fond of fishing—especially for little fish."

MAXIM GORKY.

(To be continued)

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THOMAS.

SOMEHOW a stigma has always attached to the name of Thomas called Didymus, for he was the disciple who doubted. He has stood next to Judas in infamy and yet the children of Thomas are in many respects among the best of mankind. "All men are curious. From this develops love of knowledge, from that, in turn, respect for knowledge." Scientific research is nothing other than organized curiosity. Thomas, therefore, is to be respected rather than execrated. He was an instinctive truth-seeker. He could not believe merely because he had heard it said or had seen it in writing; he must needs doubt until he could know beyond all shadow of doubt, and when he could not know, he was content to maintain a position of open-minded agnosticism.

These doubting Thomases are interesting people. Democritus of Abdera was perhaps their earliest historical progenitor. "Man lives," said Democritus, "plunged in a world of illusions and of deceptive forms which the vulgar take for reality. To tell the truth we do not know anything." Here is the philosophy of Berkeley in a nutshell. It was this attitude which caused Descartes to doubt everything, although he was recreant to the faith of the true doubter when he declared that he could not doubt that he doubted!

True doubters are inevitably humble; they may not be right but they can not be dogmatic. To doubt consistently is a bold and uncomfortable attitude to take. To insist without compromise on knowing necessarily gives rise to unpleasantness, to calumniation and to a lack of repose. There are many who doubt up to a certain point when they suddenly insist upon making certain pious hypothetical affirmations lest they "lose their grip on things"; there are only a few who can persistently face the facts of experience without sometimes retreating to the kindly shelter of some protecting dogma.

Thus Dr. Felix Adler in his "Ethical Philosophy of Life" starts out as a doughty son of Thomas, demolishing religion after religion, system after system, creed after creed; then, suddenly, he postulates value in each and every individual—and makes his hypothetical affirmation upon the basis of this postulate. He has discarded the hypothesis of deity, and yet it seems to the honest doubter that his postulate is more difficult to believe than many of those he has discarded. Again, Professor R. M. Wenley, in his "Modern Thought and the Crisis in Belief," utterly annihilates the complex structure of myth and dogma commonly called "Christianity"—but in the end he still remains apparently a good Episcopalian.

It is in the autobiography of Henry Adams that we come face to face with the perfect doubter, one who was almost bitter in his scepticism, yet was so long buoyed up by the hope that some bit of education would eventually prepare him for a subsequent experience. But, as Henry Adams himself found out at last,

education does not prepare the student for subsequent experiences. True, each experience imparts certain knowledge which would be useful if that same experience had ever to be lived through again; but our experiences are never repeated, and the greatest and the wisest of us are as much the playthings of chance as was that modest embassy secretary sixty years ago. After all, a college education can actually do no more than impart certain rudiments of knowledge: it can teach the raw student how to read and write, how to measure land and how to use laboratory apparatus; but it can not make a scholar of him, or a genius or even a man of talent. At best, it can only suggest in hazy outline certain methods of meeting a few of the situations life may later present. Henry Adams found that his education never solved his doubts and seldom enough helped him to live more successfully.

Another member of the fellowship of Thomas, in spite of his education, was William Graham Sumner, though of course Sumner was no true doubter like Samuel Butler or Henry Adams. Even Mark Twain and Robert Ingersoll were not among the elect, for the former lacked the courage of his convictions and permitted himself to be tied, officially of course, to Calvinistic creeds, and the latter made a perfectly good religion for himself out of the dogmas of the Republican party, and was absolutely "sound" on such things as political economy and the social conventions of his time. One may, indeed, make an affirmation of doubt itself and call this "affirmative scepticism" as has Mr. Max Eastman; or one may carefully affirm the direct opposite of whatever is commonly believed and may become as dogmatic over that as Nietzsche himself. But this is to part company with Thomas and to go right over into a new dogmatism.

Henry Adams was as near the ideal doubter as a man can hope to be. He had wealth, social position, culture, erudition and excellent friends; life was apparently good to him; yet there was within him some mysterious *malaise* which haunted and perplexed him, which made him question and doubt. He was possessed by that common heritage of all mankind, the spirit of dissatisfaction. If material things be lacking, this spirit sometimes becomes a desire for those things and the individual thinks that he would be perfectly happy if only he could have all his physical wants provided for. But if his wishes are granted, immediately his dissatisfaction becomes subtle, spiritual, immaterial—yet just as assertive. A vast majority of the human race, finding discretion the better part of valour, circumvents this malady by adopting some system or other which is calculated by some irrational act of faith to annihilate all doubt; they busy themselves constructing an imposing edifice which they call Truth and they spend the rest of their lives trying to keep it in sufficiently good repair to shelter them in time of need. These people carefully avoid everything that is likely to destroy their sanctuary, to upset their convictions; they manage somehow to ignore every fact which would tend to make them think otherwise than they do. But your true Thomasian feels that he can not honestly dose himself with an opiate of orthodoxy in order to gain rest from the ceaseless pursuit of truth.

The doubt of Henry Adams was tinged with just a touch too much of cynicism. In this respect Samuel Butler takes precedence; his was a better temper; he possessed what Adams himself admitted the lack of, a sense of humour. He realized that "life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as you go along." He chose also to be busy about

many things and to do battle for certain principles regardless of all pessimistic considerations about worth and purpose.

Among our contemporaries Mr. James Branch Cabell is one of these good-natured doubters, and his "Beyond Life" is an excellent study of the dubious. Mr. Theodore Dreiser, like Mr. H. L. Mencken, seeks a psychic discharge for what amounts to a sceptical neurosis in his lashing of the Puritans, the middle-class mind and the man in the street. This quality of ill temper and impatience in these excellent gentlemen prevents them from joining the fellowship, for your ideal doubter must be good tempered, tolerant, slow to condemn and slower to preach; his attitude of mind must be judicial, impassionate, and not at all evangelical.

The orthodox have their place in the world; but the doubters too have theirs. At best a man can only know things as they happen—at least in the sense of experience. He can not know how they happen or why they happen or to what purpose. He can merely observe certain conditions surrounding him at the moment, and he can then, upon a basis of experience, hypothecate, more or less scientifically and rationally, what he had better do next. Once out of the restricted realm of the knowable the "knowledge of the atheist and believer are of perfectly equal equivalence" and it is not for the believer to resent the attitude of the doubter or to call him shallow. In matters of opinion one hypothesis about the infinite is as good as another and Thomas called Didymus is rather to be commended than reprimanded for making a manful effort to make as sure as possible.

T. SWANN HARDING.

LETTERS FROM A DISTANCE: VIII.

MASHONALAND. February, 1921.

COULD anything, my excellent Eusebius, be more distressing? *Toujours la politique!* I plunge through a marvelous African night into a political crisis. Here is a white population of 50,000, settled in a territory as big as France and Germany put together and, as though they had not enough to do, they must tie themselves up in a knot from which God knows when they will be able to move. I am inclined to believe that there is something of the fakir in all human beings, and that there is nothing they enjoy so much as the atrophy of their limbs and faculties. To nothing else can be attributed the general delight in that commercialism which is such shocking bad business.

There is a Mrs. Page who has told millions of readers what a joy it is to be a pioneer and to be building the Empire at the back of beyond, or thereabouts. Building suburbs! The suburban element is so ubiquitous that there are times when I feel sure that this planet is a suburb of Mars. What is a pioneer? In America there are many sardonic definitions. Here he might be described as one who robs alluvial soil of its virginity, a charming habit not unknown in Canada and the Western States. I find the pioneer irritating because he regards his label as a token of aristocracy. He was there first, did what he damn well pleased and moved on. But, if aristocracy means anything at all, it has nothing to do with hurry, and it surely implies establishing an honest relationship with whatever is taken in hand: otherwise there can be no ariston, no best, which is a thing that has to be proved day by day. There is no point at which the aristocratic principle prevails for ever and ever, and it is very rarely proved by moving on. Certainly your aristocrat will never move on until he has found something better and is sure that what he is leaving is safely in the hands of the next-best. He is no aristocrat who does not accept to the full his responsibility, to meet which is his dearest point of honour.

So much by way of prelude. The sequel is instructive, especially to Americans who are by way of going into the empire-building trade. The Dutch, who settled in South Africa two hundred years ago, developed an annoying habit of trekking north away from the British, and this habit so irritated Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his friends that, when the British found a rural republicanism in conflict with their mining imperialism, they looked north to see where the Dutch would trek to next, and sure enough the Dutch were found to be negotiating (it was called intriguing) with Lobengula, the Matabele chief, who had settled on some of the best grazing land in the world. At that time the British saw gold and nothing but gold. All South Africa had been represented to the British public as one huge plateau of solid gold, rather like a Championship Cup given by the Almighty to the Imperial Briton. Kruger had squatted on the Rand: what more likely than that he was preparing to squat on another Eldorado and make outrageous terms when it came to exploiting that. Lobengula played Brer Fox and gave concessions to both parties, wherefore Mr. Rhodes and his friends removed Lobengula and proclaimed the authority of the British flag over a territory as big as half Europe. They then proceeded to haul down the Dutch flag, and the Dutch, being unable to trek, had to fight.

It is claimed that this jewel was added to the British crown without the aid of Imperial troops. That is not true. It cost the Imperial Government the Boer War plus a charter to Mr. Rhodes, now swollen into the British South Africa Company, to develop Mashonaland and Matabeleland into a British Colony: railways, telegraph, post office, whisky: nearly a million black men handed over to a few thousand pioneers, their cattle having first been taken from them. If you can imagine a Wall Street man stripped of his securities, you will have a picture of what a Mashona or a Matabele is like without his cattle.

Why Mr. Rhodes was in such a hurry I do not know. The earth is never in a hurry, neither is the rain, nor the dew, but the fact remains that Mr. Rhodes was in a tearing hurry. His defenders would say that unless these things are so done they are not done at all, to which the answer is that they are better undone. South Africa is an enormous place. The white population is not two million, the majority of whom do not wish to be dragged into taking over more than they can develop by the seducing greed of a handful of pioneers, as the result of which railways are built haphazard, and towns are planted without insight or foresight. The legend has it that this town of Salisbury was laid out on the site selected by the arrival of a wagon-load of whisky and champagne. The pioneers slept where they winned and where they slept arose the capital of Zambesia, as it should be called, Rhodesia as it is.

Now it may be true that all countries are so founded, that the Promised Land, which later became Holy, was so and not otherwise established, and that this also is the history of the United States of America, a country which also shows distressing signs of haste in building. If so, let us be frank about it and avoid making our inevitable crimes nauseating with hypocrisy. But, more haste, less speed, and it is comforting to think that just as the pioneers in America have been brought up sharp by the Pacific, so here they have broken through the wilderness and must either perish as a type, or take to the air, or become ordinary human beings. It is time human nature was explored, but for that a less clumsy, less reckless energy is necessary. It may be because I am devoted to this exploration that I have so little patience with the Cecil Rhodeses and the Daniel Boones. I find the sufferings of Job more thrilling than all the adventures of the Israelites and I dislike all movements except as a spiritual necessity. I can sympathize with the man who must see what is on the other side of a hill, but not with him who goes because some neighbour gossips about gold or diamonds, and what I heartily dislike about this infant country is the suspicion that its establishment grew out of political manoeuvring, and that it was one enormous red herring trailed across a financial *coup* in Johannes-

burg, the effects of which still remain to be felt. Rhodes bluffed to the end—when was there a pioneer who did not?—and the bluff has still to be called.

The problem is interesting because it is very rarely that politics are so naked.

The fifty thousand white inhabitants have gulped at the hook baited with self-determination and have voted for Responsible Government when the Charter expires, as it does in 1924. They like the bait but have not yet felt the hook. Self-determination, as we know from President Wilson, sounds grand and noble, but where on earth is there the small community that can practise it? A small community must look to a large community for its credit and can obtain it only on terms that remove every vestige of independence, and this country exists, has always existed, on the sufferance of Johannesburg. Against that appeals to the Imperial Government are vain, and as for democracy, not the will but the credit of the people prevails. Where that is pledged, there they must go. In every civilized community the labour of the people is mortgaged even unto the third and fourth generation. To whom? Dear Eusebius, to your and my uncles and aunts who have stocks and shares in this or that railway, port or factory, and if they leave us anything, then, in time, to you and me, to assist us, while we live, to pay off our share of the mortgage. Humanity is in pawn, and while it is so, it is nonsense to talk of freedom or self-determination. No amount of both will redeem us or our children from the pawnbroker, nor, I fancy, can the white races satisfy their uncle with the labour of black, yellow and brown men. There is only one way out of insolvency and that is to cut down expenses and work hard, and the most expensive luxury from which the world is suffering is the outworn political system by which nationalistic ideas and prejudices are fastened upon polyglot communities. By its survival the creditors of humanity are enabled to exact more interest and to keep it multiplying in geometrical progression. For instance, while this small community of fifty thousand wrangles about democracy and self-determination, it will pay its creditors to ruin the country so as, when the time comes, to change its name and buy it cheap.

The point is that there is no form of government which can control the manipulations of a community's creditors—you and me, dear Eusebius, and everybody who has five dollars in a bank—and therefore it is much better to dispense with forms of government, and tackle the problem of the *de facto* government of the world, which is our noble selves, who are too lazy to follow what is being done with our money or to find out whether it is, in fact, our money, and how far we are, in this business, mortgagor and how much mortgagee. As a matter of fact there is very little mortgagor about it, for we, our lives and our work, were mortgaged when we were posterity, mortgaged very largely to make railways and factories and ports which, we found, in our generation, could not possibly earn the interest. We blamed the Germans, made it even more impossible, and now, clinging to the ancient faith of liberty, we propose to leave it to posterity to cut down expenses and work hard. . . . Now show me the man who will hold up his head and say that he is a free-born Briton or American and will fight anyone who does not wish to share his freedom. Perish the word, rather than endure one moment longer this insolent mockery of it! That freedom means only the power to make more deeply mortgaged communities pay more than they are worth for British and American goods. Mr. Rhodes was free to make jewellers pay more for diamonds than they were worth, and that kind of freedom he understood very well. An honest man, on the other hand, is content to do his work and take a fair price for it. In the present state of the world he can nowhere find physical freedom, but he can be free in his soul, knowing that he is paying his fair share of humanity's mortgage and is compelling tribute from no man.

That opens up a very large question as to whether a community can be either honest or free. Only if it be composed of free and honest men, which is to ask the im-

possible. Have done then with these noble words, except in private, for they have no public currency: recognize that you have to deal with a multitude of rogues and fools, and ask them if they really think it well that millions upon millions should starve because thousands upon thousands will neither pay their own interest nor abate their demand for the interest due to them upon the showing of their bank. At present they do not think about it at all, say it is a pity and assume that it must be so, believing all the time that if people die in the ditch it is because they deserve it. There is at present no other morality in the world than this: that it is better to be paid than to pay interest. It is a rough and ready test that is applied to communities as to individuals and those who pay interest must face extinction in hard times. Better a dead man, to the commercial system, than one who can not pay his debts.

This conclusion is rather terrifying to the sentimental impulses, but it is inevitable, and it were better had the treaty of Versailles been composed frankly in the light of that morality, for there is no other. It might have been possible then slowly to advance to a higher morality, but, as things are, no advance is possible except by social explosion in which morality is debased and never promoted. Social explosions damage the credit of the large communities, so that there is none left for the small: and self-determination softly and silently vanishes away.

It is annoying that wherever I go I find parables, most often political; but these Europeans have so disturbed human affairs that one almost expects the very monkeys in the trees to discuss President Wilson and the Russian question and what the British are doing to the Irish: and certainly watching the monkeys I am often tempted to think it a pity that man ever became sapient enough to come down from the trees. They live and die and hate only in a sputter, and not with the cold long-drawn bitter agony which is the normal condition of the civilized races in the insolvency which they have neither the courage nor the decency to admit.

It is too wet at present to take to my wagon and seek the society of monkeys, birds, buck and leopards. There are only two seasons, the wet and the dry, and when the dry begins there is no rain for months on end: only the sun by day and the moon and the stars by night. I think that by living in a wagon I shall be cutting down expenses and certainly I shall be working as I have never done before.

GILBERT CANNAN.

MISCELLANY.

It has lately occurred to me that we are in danger of having an emigration as well as an immigration problem on our hands. As things are now it is only those who come seeking an entry into this hospitable land whose vices and virtues are put to the test. Thus we are wont to exact from the newcomer an oath that he will not attempt to overthrow our glorious institutions by force and violence. We ask him to declare that anarchy and polygamy are not part of his philosophy. We also demand of him certain proofs of physical fitness. All this is natural enough, since these people, being foreigners, are mere barbarians and only the most elementary qualifications can reasonably be expected of them. But now the question is being asked in certain quarters: what about our emigrants? Ought not every citizen of the United States who attempts to leave this country to be submitted to a stringent examination? Thus, for example, an oath of faithful allegiance to the Volstead Act should undoubtedly be administered, and all prospective travellers should be required to abjure in advance the heresies prevalent amongst those unblest by the tutelage of our parental government.

Our diplomatic and consular agents abroad could be relied upon to extend the fields of espionage to which their activities are at present confined. In fact, the craving for this sport amongst a large number of our citizens

seems to be so prevalent that I have little doubt that an army of eager volunteers could easily be enlisted to supplement the efforts of the accredited representatives of this country abroad. Whenever the travelling American was tempted to forget his allegiance by drinking a glass of beer, he would know that the watchful eye of Uncle Sam was upon him. Already I have seen it stated in the public prints that American officials in foreign countries are to be warned against frequenting clubs or restaurants where liquor is served. If they are to be subjected to these limitations—and it seems to me to be quite logical that they should be—they will probably be all the more zealous in spying upon their fellow citizens. In this way it will be possible for our Government to control our expatriates and to make sure that they do not escape the high moral responsibilities of American citizenship.

In due course, however, it will probably be found expedient to deny to the general public the right of travelling in the unregenerate regions of the world. It is, after all, a war against the hosts of evil in which we are engaged, and in war-time passports are not issued indiscriminately. Apart from those irrevocably sinful elements in the community, whose deportation should be facilitated, only such people as are actually obliged to travel by the stern necessities of business, should be allowed to run the risk of being morally torpedoed. This restriction would have the advantage of reducing the number of persons to be supervised, and would put temptation entirely out of the reach of millions of our weaker brethren who might so easily fall by the wayside. At all costs America must be kept pure, and those who have dedicated themselves to that end will shrink from no sacrifices—of other people—to make it so.

MR. BRYAN'S ingenuous proposal to purchase the island of Bimini to save Florida from bootlegging can not fail to awaken the nation to a sense of the enormity of its task. What is one Bimini amongst so many opportunities for sin flaunting themselves beyond the three-mile limit? Obviously, as long as there remain new fields to be conquered by the censors, the moral condition of our people is in jeopardy. For these reasons it seems inevitable to me that a beginning must be made by a revision of the emigration-laws. Travel broadens the mind, said the wise saw of our grandfathers, but to-day our legislative grandmothers are saying that travel only too often broadens morals. Inevitably the flaming sword of the Department of Justice will bar all access to the Vanity Fairs across the seas, and the Statue of Liberty, turning its back upon Europe will bear with upraised hand the legend: "In prohibitions we trust."

X., who keeps himself informed on such matters, tells me that a few weeks ago there was the greatest sort of a pother throughout the length and breadth of Japan. The air buzzed with rumours. Japanese newspapers spoke with bated breath of "a serious affair affecting the nation and the imperial household." The matter was indeed so serious that it did not bear talking about in more than a whisper, for fear of committing the heinous crime of *lèse-majesté*. The newspapers had a particularly hard time of it between their desire to give the public all the news that seemed fit to print and the Government's decision that no news concerning this "affair" was to be published at all. The result was that a hundred pens were kept busy day after day in weaving stories about the word "serious" and the word "affair," stories that should say nothing and suggest everything. One fateful day a certain reckless paper took the bit in its teeth and announced the resignation of the tutor of the Crown Prince! The issue of that audacious daily was promptly suppressed. The same paper, then, actually attacked the Genro, or Elder Statesmen. Again it was suppressed. After that the harassed editor was reduced to publishing this kind of thing; which X. assures me is a literal translation from the paper in question:

We do not know what the alleged serious affair is. That is all we can say. We wish we could state that the affair had been satisfactorily settled, but even this we can not speak of in detail. What an awkward world this is!

Imagine the bewilderment of the loyal son of Nippon upon reading such dark sayings over his breakfast. Nor was that all, for, as he went forth to work, he would be accosted by a stranger giving away a handbill, which again reminded him of "a certain matter," which he was earnestly adjured to "expedite" by prayers before the shrine of the late Emperor.

THUS, according to X., the whole Japanese nation talked by day and dreamed by night of "serious matters" and "certain affairs" till its own state of mind became far from certain and more than serious. But fortunately for the general sanity, a ray of light seemed to penetrate at last into the brains of the court clique and the tension was relieved by the publication of a few precious items of information. As a result the throne, the ministry, and the Genro survive and flourish as before. It is only the tutor aforementioned who is out of a job.

THE whole trouble, it seems, was due, as is so often the case, to a girl, the Princess Nagako Kuni, aged seventeen, and sister of Prince Shimazu, head of the Satsuma men, one of the two all-powerful clans of Japan. Now the head of the other clan, the Choshu, is Prince Yamagata, and Prince Yamagata is likewise head of the Genro. It seems, therefore, that the arrangement whereby the Princess Nagako Kuni is to become the bride of the Crown Prince was not at all to the liking of Prince Yamagata who, in trying to foil it, induced the Crown Prince's tutor to throw up his post by way of protest. Then, says X., the fat was in the fire. The air became surcharged with rumours and the sacred names of the Emperor and his son were bandied about from mouth to mouth, just as if they were ordinary mortals of like passions with ourselves. Choshu, it appears, actually came to blows with Satsuma in the corridors of the royal palace. Bit by bit the trouble leaked out till at last the thing became a general scandal. The newspapers began to howl for the heads of those who had allowed things to come to such a pass, and chiefly they demanded the heads of their chief enemies, the Elder Statesmen. But in the East as in the West they have a way of handling these delicate situations so that the little men suffer and the big men survive. Hence I am not surprised to learn that the Genro are safe and snug as ever; it is only the poor tutor who languishes in exile.

WHEN Congressmen come together to discuss the Army, its size and cost and value, this is the kind of blather that, in the main, passes for argument and reason:

REPRESENTATIVE CARAWAY. My friend from Illinois, Mr. McKenzie, yesterday shed tears at the very thought of reducing the commissioned personnel. He told us that if you did not provide for these additional 4,000 officers you had as well tear down the flag and surrender. If he is correct about it, if they are the only thing that stands between our liberty and slavery, why, you know we had as well kiss good-bye to liberty to-day as a day or two later. I know, and everyone else knows, who knows anything at all about the Army—and I do not profess to know much and do not need to know much in order to know as much as most of the Army officers know (laughter)—that there was not a commissioned officer connected with the Regular Army in this late war whose name the next generation will know, except he may read the acts of Congress by which we conferred high rank on some of them.

REPRESENTATIVE DEMPSEY. Why, if we wipe out the pages made by the illustrious heroes who have defended the United States throughout its history, if we wipe out the names of Grant and Sherman and Sheridan: if we wipe out the names of those who defended us in this last war and made our victory possible, we will have erased and obliterated the most glorious and the most brilliant pages in our history, and I am sure that the membership of this House does not want, even by in-

ference, to have the feeling go abroad that there is hostility in our minds to those whom we regard as our heroes. Why, I was astounded to hear the last speaker say that in a short time those who have led our armies with such brilliancy, with such heroism, who had subjected themselves to all sorts of hardships and dangers on our behalf in the world war, which has recently ended, would be forgotten. Why, gentlemen, those names will be household words. Those names will be lisped by the lips of children; those names will be carried down into history so long as we have history and long after the names of most of us here have long been forgotten.

REPRESENTATIVE BLANTON. . . . the same Secretary of War [Mr. Baker] who without any authority allotted \$780,000 of the Quartermaster's allowance for advertising over the country to get these young boys into the Army, and out of that \$780,000 allotment he spent \$270,000 for advertising in newspapers. He spent \$300,000 of it in bill-board advertisements all over the country.

REPRESENTATIVE CURRY. We are the greatest inventive nation in the world. There is scarcely anything that is used by a foreign army or foreign navy that was not an American invention—invented here and, on account of our short-sighted policy, developed abroad. The machine-gun, breech-loader, automatic, caterpillar engine-tank, the under-water boat, the flying machine, the dreadnaught, and high explosives are a few of the American inventions that were invented by American genius and developed abroad.

REPRESENTATIVE MONTAGUE. Is it necessary in these days of piping economy to employ \$1,500,000 in asphyxiating gases? Do we need more than what is necessary for experimentation in order to determine what use we may make of such agencies for defensive purposes?

REPRESENTATIVE GREENE. I quite agree with the gentleman's opinion that it is, to use a loose phrase, rather unsportsman-like to poison men with gases in warfare.

REPRESENTATIVE GREEN OF VERMONT. . . . gentlemen seem to regard the Army that we are maintaining in this country in peace time only as an Army of defence. It is not intended to be an Army of defence, nor are its numbers so chosen for domestic and interior police in an emergency. It is a force designed to garrison our possessions, and it is also a force designed not only to accomplish a military course of instruction and training for itself but to communicate that instruction and training to civilians who in an emergency would constitute the great Army of defence.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

A MODERN MORALITY.

THE theatrical season in New York is finishing gloriously with the Theatre Guild's production of "Liliom," translated from the Hungarian of Mr. Franz Molnar by Mr. Benjamin F. Glazer. Many people are finding fault with the Theatre Guild because it does not produce plays written by Americans. But why should it? (To be sure, it has tried to do so, with results that could only make the judicious grieve.) There are some half a hundred other theatres in New York, producing at least two hundred plays a year, the majority of them made in America. Why should not some of these theatres succour that great native masterpiece which is supposed to be begging at the managers' doors, and leave the Guild free to do just what it is doing now, and doing so well?

There have, in the past, been three plays by Mr. Franz Molnar mounted in this country. The first was a play of inferior quality called "The Devil," in which Mr. George Arliss and another actor appeared in simultaneous and rival productions. This was followed by a comedy of sex, subtle and sophisticated and brilliant, called "Where Ignorance is Bliss," and acted so badly that its failure was inevitable. Finally, Mr. Belasco mounted "The Phantom Rival," sufficiently well to give us something like a clear idea of Mr. Mol-

nar's quality when at his best. Then no more of Mr. Molnar. But meanwhile "Liliom" had been written and acted in Europe. It has been available, indeed, for a decade or more. If our half a hundred other theatres ignored it, why in the name of Melpomene should not the Theatre Guild find sufficient justification for its existence in rescuing such a play and putting it on the stage? However, it is characteristic of us to demand of the most willing and intelligent workers, the most work; and also to think that because the Guild has found in Europe plays of a quality which fits them for imaginative and modern methods of production, and gives them the strength and dignity of intellectual body and imaginative force, that therefore the Guild can find the same sort of plays in America. For ourself, we have been a play-reader, and beg leave to remain sceptical.

But to "Liliom." The great merit, the dominating charm of this extraordinary drama, lies in the fact that it doesn't mean a blessed thing that you don't want it to mean, and anything that you do; in other words it picks out its individual auditors and plays on their personal moods and emotions. That it fills the theatre every night goes to show how rich and vital a play it is. "Liliom" is the name of the hero. It is the Hungarian slang term for a rough-neck. Liliom is the barker at a Budapest Coney Island merry-go-round. We see a little servant girl fall in love with him, and we see him strangely softened by her love. For her sake he refuses to go back to the merry-go-round. But he does not go to work, either. He is an artist, he says, and can not work at a vulgar trade. Of course, he is a loafer, a gangster; he is plain no good. He beats poor Julie, who still loves him. Then he learns that he is to become a father. Again he is softened, and also wildly elated at the prospect. A new wind of resolution sweeps over him, and he at once sets off with a pal to murder a cashier in a lone place under a railway-embankment, and get his share of the treasure the cashier carries, so that the prospective offspring may start right in the world. But the cashier and the police foil this little plan, and rather than be sent to jail, Liliom kills himself with the knife intended for the cashier.

Whereupon the scene is transferred to heaven, to a court-room therein, "Division of Suicides," and Liliom is put on trial before two elderly officials who in appearance somewhat resemble Dr. Lyman Abbott and the late Rev. Thomas R. Slicer. Liliom is sentenced to fifteen years of purification by fire, after which time he will be permitted to revisit the earth for a single day, and if on that day he does a good deed, he will be permitted to enter at last the gate to celestial bliss.

In the last scene of all, Liliom comes back to earth, to find his daughter a pretty slip of a girl. She, taking him for a beggar, orders him to move on, and in a fit of old-time, earthly temper, he strikes her. That is what hell fire has done for him. As for her, she stands amazed at the fact that somebody has hit her, hit her hard, and yet it did not hurt. She asks her mother if such a thing is possible, and Julie, thinking of Liliom, replies that it is. That is the end of the play.

The story is curiously compounded of reality and fantasy; of interest in Liliom as a character-study and interest in Julie as a type of the woman who suffers—and loves; of an appeal to one's sense of humour and irony, and an appeal to one's tenderest emotions. With Liliom before the celestial magistrate, it mocks

at heaven and its silly punishments; with Julie before her lover's corpse, it touches with a deep, passionate restraint the noble chords of sacrificial love. Always it asks of the actors, the stage-manager, the designer, their very best efforts.

Staged by Mr. Frank Reicher with careful realism and tactful restraint that gives a curious naturalness to the supernatural elements and a rhythmic contrast to the occasional climaxes and swift outbursts; designed by Mr. Lee Simonson with simplicity and great pictorial imagination, and also, quite evidently, without ostentatious expense, so that the focus of attention is always on the play; and, finally, acted by Mr. Joseph Schildkraut as Liliom, and by all the rest of the long cast, too, with an understanding of the drama, and with a unity of style rather surprising in a company gathered largely for this single production—"Liliom" makes an evening in our theatre as rare as it is exhilarating. You can sit back in your chair with that delicious sensation of security, that assurance that a good play is set before you by people who know what they are about, and all you have to do is to yield them your imagination fully and freely.

So long as the Theatre Guild is able to accomplish such a result with a play from the Hungarian, and is unable to accomplish it with a play from the American, I for one pray that they will stick to the Hungarian. The only reason I have for believing that a play of equal interest and value for the Guild's purposes exists in America is much the same reason Dr. Crothers gave for believing there is pirate-treasure hidden in the Lynn Woods. The fact, he said, that no treasure has ever been found there shows that it is an excellent place to hide treasure in; consequently treasure must be hidden there.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND."

SIRS: Do you think the High School of this town might be considered a subject for investigation by the S. P. C. C.?

The Junior Class was recently given President Harding's message to Congress to study. I am, etc.,
Westfield, New Jersey.

A. B. C.

THE QUALITY OF FEMINISM.

SIRS: Mr. Alexander Harvey in your issue of 11 May implies that our "age of Einstein may be characterized by its obliteration of femininity" and in the same issue Mr. Harold Stearns attributes our lack of the *joie de vivre* to the dominance of a "harsher feminism." Is there a true difference of opinion here, or is the harsher feminism of Mr. Stearns an obliteration of the feminism of Mr. Harvey? I am, etc.,
New York City.

W. J. HANNA.

FIAT LUSK.

SIRS: *Vieille chanson*. In 1918 Dr. William J. Robinson published an American edition of "Married Love" by Dr. Marie C. Stopes, a handbook which circulates freely in Great Britain and has secured the public esteem of Messrs. Shaw, Wells and other writers of note, all presumably non-existent to the consciousness of American courts. "Unmailable!" belated Mr. Burleson, and so the distribution of the American edition was limited to bookstores. When, a short while since, the esteemed Luskers raided the Rand School in New York, they found the obnoxious volume on sale there, and at first, it seems, were going to prosecute the School for handling it. Perhaps some one whispered to them that Dr. Robinson was something of a heretic; at any rate, the hunt veered after him instead, and a short time ago he was fined in one of the lower courts. The case is now in appeal.

What objective test is there that we can use for obscenity? To me, "Married Love" is an admirably lucid and informative exposition of the problem of mutual adjustment, totally devoid of any lascivious gloating or of any incitement to immorality in the conventional sense. It is scientific, but not coldly so,

for Dr. Stopes has suffused her pages with warmth and delicacy and hopefulness for happier married lives, thus producing what I suppose is meant by a "clean" book on sex. This is subjective testimony, but what lawyer can give me an objective standard by which to test the book?

The music in this *vieille chanson*, however, has been slightly altered. This time our censoring nuisances have suppressed not an attack upon our venerable institutions but actually an upholder of them. The surprising fact is that they are prosecuting a book which actually defends monogamy, which, placed in the hands of any married couple, would do more to hold them contentedly together than all the legal and religious bonds ever devised. I had thought that the so-called one hundred per cent Americans were strong for monogamy. But Dr. Stopes, I remember, talks now and then about the Art of Love; and this is fatal, of course, since to most of our citizenry, I suppose, all the arts are suspect. I am, etc.,
Ridgefield, Connecticut.

GORHAM B. MUNSON.

THE POGROMS OF POLAND.

SIRS: Mr. George Peters, the author of the article, "Pogroms of Poland," published in your issue of 11 May, has made several historical and chronological errors by stating (1) that the Jews came to Poland "some eight centuries ago"; (2) that Chmelnitzky lived in the fourteenth century; (3) that the activities of Ignatieff occurred after those of Von Plehve. I should not be surprised therefore, if called upon to give the date of Bismarck's "approval" of the pogroms against the Jews, Mr. Peters would name the sixteenth or seventeenth century because the Bismarck of the nineteenth century never gave such a sanction, neither by word nor by deed.

The invention of "sanctions" was reserved to a more enlightened age of civilization and democracy. I am, etc.,
New York City.

B. THEODORE.

REPLYING to Mr. B. Theodore, who found some errors in my article on "Pogroms in Poland," permit me to say:

1. The Jews came to Poland *en masse* during the Crusades, and were granted by Casimir the Great the so-called "Magdeburg" rights. Therefore, I am not in error when I say that the Jews came to Poland "some eight centuries ago." However, it is true that some individual Jews came and went in Poland as early as the ninth century, A. D. For example, many of them traded in Baltic amber between Danzig and Venice. But they were traders only.

2. Chmelnitzky lived in sixteenth century, not in the fourteenth. This I overlooked in proof-reading. I am obliged to Mr. Theodore for his correction.

3. It was clumsy English that allowed the impression to be received that Ignatieff functioned after Von Plehve. The fact of the matter is that their work was simultaneous, or at worst, contemporary. Von Plehve was an unknown nonentity, who was employed by Ignatieff to do his "dirty work" as police commissioner.

4. I can not give the date of Bismarck's approval of pogroms. I have learned, however, both from reading parliamentary discussions over such matters, for example, as the question of appointing a certain Jew to be the rector of Halle University, or of a certain deputy's (Frank) suggestion that a premium should be advertised to induce Germans to shoot Jews, as well as from conversations in Germany with university professors last year, that while Bismarck hated the Jews for being obstacles in the way of German unity, he felt that that unity would be imperilled if in critical times pogroms should be advocated by the Government. However, I learned from those sources, that Bismarck was heartily in agreement with any movement to get rid of the Jews, and that he acquiesced unofficially in pogroms. Evidently Mr. Theodore is more interested in the accusation against Bismarck than in anything else. Unfortunately, Bismarck, like any other reactionary, hated the Jews and would not have hesitated to commit any crime against those who stood in the way of his ambition to unify Germany.

As for sanctions: As long ago as the days of the Pharaohs, Jew-baiting had ceased to be haphazard and "unsanctioned." In all times there have existed able, intelligent, well-informed men who, seeing the persecution of a race, have not remained apathetic or unopinioned. They have either given sanction or vigorous disapproval.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

THE EFFECTIVENESS OF GOVERNMENT.

SIRS: May I add one suggestion to the admirable letter of Mr. Amos Pinchot in your issue of 18 April?

It would seem to me to be a general principle that the government, or if you will, the social arrangements, of any group of people represent, with a perfection increasing with the advance of individual education, a cross section of the general opinion of that group. A government lagging behind advancing opinion is always overthrown, and the force of the fall increases with any delay that it may be able to occasion.

In Russia, the Tsar's government clearly fell below the intellectual level of its people—the mass unthinking, illiterate and dissatisfied, plus the force and fire of the intellectuals and revolutionists, aided by the stimulant of war, together (to mention the principle groups), formed a different concept of group affairs. The extreme hopes of the intellectuals are clearly unobtainable because of the dead mass of unthinking and illiterate fellow-citizens, and they are forced to the same sort of dictatorship used by the Tsar.

The sum of intelligence has, I believe, raised, by somewhat violent means, the standard of group affairs—just a little—but whether the losses will not counterbalance the gains remains to be seen. I firmly believe that a careful analysis will show this theory to be true. England may be a monarchy and America a republic, but if the average level of education and ideas is the same, summed up possibly of different proportions and not necessarily by mere numbers, your governments will differ most only in name. Hence the backwash of a revolution. Artificial restrictions work only for a while and the crash is greater in proportion to their strength.

This principle has long been recognized in the legal profession regarding the effectiveness of laws and regulations; these may be made effective only in proportion to their general acceptance by the average mass of the people. When I speak of the mass, I do not mean the majority by necessity; I mean the balance of effective opinion.

Hence, I thoroughly agree with Mr. Pinchot; given a governing body as elastic as ours or that of England, a revolution is a disastrous waste of time, dissipating in futile passions the precious time available to orderly gain. The slow educational method, tedious and to the emotional enthusiast, the radical, almost unbearable, is the only answer. It is characteristic of children to want results at once. The radical is to me a lovable, childlike mind, petulant because what he thinks are grand ideas can not at once materialize. But the wishes of children carry no great weight—we have a man's job ahead—and a job worth doing is worth doing well. I am, etc.,

Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

CYRIL J. BATH.

THE ECONOMICS OF THE MOVING PICTURE.

SRS: Behind the present agitation anent the invasion by foreigners of the American moving-picture industry lie the inevitable economic actualities. To put it frankly, "our sixth largest industry," in company with the other five, is suffering from over-production. The situation may be traced to the return of peace-time prosperity in 1919, in which year in New York State alone an average of six film-enterprises were incorporated weekly; this was typical of conditions in all film-producing centres. It was a time of optimism; triumphs of bygone years were exhumed, retitled and retrimmed in such quantities as almost to double the visible supply. The rate of production was based on the expectation of a heavy export business; the war had opened European markets hitherto sealed to American films; Britain, France and South America were considered as already won and the Central Empires were understood to be waiting with whetted appetites for that which five years' of war had denied them. It was only after the market was thoroughly glutted that the cry, "fewer and better pictures," was raised.

What happened is told in the figures compiled by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. They show that the 112,591,288 feet of film exported in the eight months preceeding February, 1920, dropped to 108,825,976 in the corresponding period for 1921, that imports of positive film rose from 1,648,085 feet to 3,137,422 and of negative film from 665,669 feet to 1,372,842. The producers of Great Britain have resumed activity and reduced imports from the United States by fifty per cent, while those of Germany, apparently not lacking in ability and unhampered by censorship, have had little to fear from outside competition, protected as they are, or were, by tariff.

As to the alarming increase in imports, it may be explained, as usual, by the phrase "cheap foreign competition." Probably few of the many who enjoyed the so-called cubist film, "Dr. Caligari," and those depicting the lives of Anne Boleyn and Du Barry realized the comparative smallness of their cost. They may have noted the absence of chariot-races, conflagrations, shipwrecks and other expensive props in these nevertheless effective dramas, but only a minority know that the American distributor may purchase from overseas for \$8,000 a negative that could not be bought in this country for less than \$20,000 and that from this negative he may print as many positives as he can sell or rent. The payment of lower salaries to stars accounts in part for this price, which, needless to say, competes favourably even in a market as glutted as the present.

The only solution is a tariff-wall, unless, perchance, the domestic producers are willing to accept the principle that consistent intelligent treatment may offset such imperfections as a predominance of Teuton countenances in a scene supposed to represent the court of H. M. King Henry VIII of Merrie England, and that dynamite and ruined scenery are costly substitutes for atmosphere and acting. I am, etc.,

Brooklyn, New York.

L. B. N. GNAEDINGER.

BOOKS.

THE GREAT WAR-POET.

THE question as to who was the best war-poet was one that agitated many minds in England some three years ago. Then Messrs. Nichols, Graves and Sassoon were considered the leading candidates. Each had his admirers, and each had some claims to have made poetry out of his own particular experience of war's suffering. But the range of experience that each had found seemed somehow incomplete—though one suspected this incompleteness less in the case of Mr. Sassoon than in that of the others. The great war-poet had not yet turned up, and people repeated the comfortable formula that the experience of the war was too fresh and intense in the minds of men to be written about. But now that the more decent impulses of human beings in Europe are striving to forget that there was a war (despite the fact that it is still going on), the great war-poet suddenly speaks to us from the grave. His name is Wilfred Owen.¹

There is only one test, so far as I know, whereby a critic may tell whether a poetic work possesses greatness. If the lines of any work so burn themselves into the consciousness of the critic that he is obliged to return again and again to them, to saturate his inner mind and memory with their slightest inflections of phrase, despite all the other poetry he has read, or may read, then the work in question is great poetry. It has the power of compelling the acceptance of our personality to it, since it springs utterly and completely from the author's own acceptance of the peculiar experience it implies. In it the author's body and soul have become for the moment fused through the medium of words, with the outward conditions of life which the work itself aims to set forth. The final artistic process, which is a process of acceptance of life and reassertion of one's acceptance, is made by these words complete. The style and technique become the thought itself; the thought becomes the experience itself. This is great poetry.

By this standard, Wilfred Owen was a great poet; and since his material was taken out of an experience beyond the common range of our daily lives, we may go further still and say that he was among the greatest poets. To write well of an immense experience requires greater power than to write well of a small one; and Wilfred Owen's experience, which came to him as all great experiences must, unsought, was one which few of us would have had courage to endure. Yet he alone had the courage not only to endure it, but to accept it: and, accepting it, to understand wherein might lie its significance for other men.

Throughout these poems there sounds, like a lonely challenge to futurity, the message of a great, pure faith:

I, too, saw God through mud—

The mud that cracked on cheeks when wretches smiled.

War brought more glory to their eyes than blood.

And gave their laughs more glee than shakes a child.

This holy exultation, making foul and ugly men into the image of saints, took place in a land

Grey, cratered like the moon with hollow woe,

And fitted with great pocks and scabs of plagues.

where there was nothing heard but this anthem for doomed youth:

What passing-bells for these that die as cattle?

Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

¹ "Poems." Wilfred Owen. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle,
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries for them; no prayers nor bells,
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells—
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

But even this vision, terrible as it was, was not enough for Wilfred Owen. Through the war he had gained steadily in unflinching power to face his fate. The great lesson of the war now burnt itself in his mind, so that he, miraculously, was able to speak, through lips already dedicated to death, the message of a death better than his life:

Friend, be very sure
I shall be better off with plants that share
More peaceably the meadow and the shower.
Soft rains shall touch me—as they could touch once
And nothing but the sun shall make me ware.
Your guns may crash about me. I'll not hear.
Or if I wince I shall not know I wince.

This resignation is followed by a prouder, bolder sacrifice:

Red lips are not so red
As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.
Kindness of wood and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure.
O Love, your eyes lose lure,
When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!

At the very end, there comes this icy note for the future:

Now men will go content with what we spoiled.
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.
Courage was mine and I had mystery,
Wisdom was mine and I had mastery;
To miss the march of this retreating world
Into vain citadels that are not walled.

To add one syllable to the appalling truth and glory of such poetry as this would be to commit an impertinence.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

THE EVERLASTING NO.

THE voice of Mr. Paul Elmer More, crying in the wilderness of modern humanitarian decay, was once upon a time a low-pitched, gentlemanly voice, discoursing with a somewhat icy reserve on the philosophy of the ancient Greeks and the religion of the Eastern mystics. But times have changed since the spacious days before 1914, and with that change Mr. More's voice has become increasingly raucous, splenetic, and vituperative. Year by year the world has become a more restless and pullulating place, and Mr. More's philosophic conservatism has forced him gradually into the position of a quarrelsome, one might almost say a febrile, reactionary. His latest volume of *Shelburne Essays*, "A New England Group and Others," demonstrates admirably the sterilizing force of that harsh philosophy which he has expounded in "Aristocracy and Justice" and elsewhere.

It is not only that in his literary criticism Mr. More's ethical preoccupation incapacitates him for delivering any truly æsthetic judgments. Because of this, to be sure, he is led—as in the essay on early New England poetry—to treat with ludicrous solemnity work which has almost no literary merit at all. But whatever the æsthetes may say, literature may be approached quite legitimately from the ethical point of view, and one is not disposed to quarrel with Mr. More for so approaching it; the point is rather that Mr. More's ethics is narrow and sour, and his application of it illiberal.

Mr. More's ethical system, which is frankly eclectic, rests upon a severe dualism: for him the expansive desires of the individual must be constantly repressed by

the exercise of what he calls the inner check. "Is not character," he asks, "always in some way negative? Is it not of its very essence to act as a check upon the impulsive temperament, and even upon the ranging enthusiasms of the soul?" Morality, in his system, is reduced apparently to a single virtue, that of self-control. There is no room for pity, since that is "expansive" and "centrifugal"; indeed there is no room for any of the fine, uncalculating virtues that we think of as positive in their exercise. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" is in no sense, for Mr. More, one of the commandments upon which hang all the law and the prophets; and "the fear of God" is a phrase which rises far more frequently to his lips than "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God."

It is a logical corollary of Mr. More's negative morality that the individual is placed at the centre of his ethical system. Any tendency to substitute social responsibility for individual responsibility, social salvation for individual salvation, he looks upon as fatal to that personal discipline which is for him the central concern of morality. "The obligation to society," he once said, "is not the primal law and is not the source of personal integrity, but is secondary to personal integrity." It is for this reason that he has constituted himself a champion of the present "individualistic" regime and an uncompromising enemy to all forms of collectivism.

When Mr. More assumes the industrial system under which we live to be in any true sense individualistic, he is endorsing a stale fiction. If he would leave for a while the scholarly quiet of his own library to study modern industrialism at first hand—say in the steel-industry—he would learn that whole masses of men live and work under conditions of regimentation which render all talk about "personal integrity" a meaningless jargon. He would learn that individual autonomy is a privilege reserved for a tiny minority of men at the top, and that most members of our society are forced to regrad themselves—to use his own original phrase—as "mere inhuman cogs in a machine."

The essay on "Economic Ideals" is a blundering attempt to diagnose certain features of modern radicalism as illustrated by Mr. Ernest Poole's novel "The Harbour." Even when the book first appeared, its naturalistic symbolism seemed shop-worn and jejune, but in the account which Mr. Poole gave of a strike of dock-labourers one could hear the rumblings of a great seismic movement of angry men and women, dumbly conscious that the "law and order" arrayed against them meant only the entrenched power of a governing minority, and fired with the vision of a new system in which industrial serfdom would be abolished and the brotherhood of man made a radiant reality. Mr. More takes the novel as the occasion for a homily on the predominance of the fear-instinct in the labour-movement and the need for getting back to the individual standard of ethics:

If fear is an inevitable factor of human conduct, it is reasonable to ask whether the old religious dread may not be a sounder starting-point than social sympathy, whether there may not be some truth in the discarded saying that the beginning of wisdom is to fear God and keep his commandments; or, at least, whether we should not be advised to acknowledge once more the existence of a Nemesis, or power that makes for righteousness, or whatever we may choose to call the law that speaks to the heart of a man and holds him individually responsible for his acts. Possibly, if we had listened less to the voice of society, and more to the voice of duty commanding us to make ourselves right with our own higher nature, we might be walking in safer paths than those into which the social instinct of fear has led us. Possibly, if we thought less, or made less pretence to think, of the material prosperity of our neighbour and more of the health of our own souls, we might ourselves be a little less liable to the temptations of material success at any price. Our scientific efficiency might be directed for the real welfare of society, and we might be in better place to demand the orderly conduct and allegiance of others.

Mr. More and his "Everlasting No" belong, it is clear, to an age that has long gone by, to a society far less complex and far less difficult than our own. There may have been a time when the world could be saved if only each man feared God and kept his commandments; but some-

¹ "A New England Group and Others." *Shelburne Essays*: Eleventh Series. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

how in these days there is a hideous frivolity in suggesting that the problems of modern life are capable of so simple a solution as that. Sentimental humanitarianism is one thing—as offensive a thing as Mr. More says it is—but a belief in the purificatory effects of social sympathy is quite another thing, and can not be confused with the former except at the risk of blurring a very profound distinction. There is a cant of “love for humanity,” to be sure, but there is also a cant of refined contempt for humanity and it is a cant which Mr. More has long been guilty of, to the detriment of his position as a critic of life and letters. He would have been, one feels, a plausible figure in the seventeenth century; to-day he is a sad anachronism.

The line of Shelburne Essays may stretch out to the crack o’ doom, but we shall scarcely look to Mr. More for criticism of a high and fine disinterestedness, for criticism sharply sensitive to the aching aspirations of our own day. There are so many more things in heaven and earth and in the troubled soul of man than are dreamt of in his philosophy.

NEWTON ARVIN.

THE SOVIET OF PROPERTY.

INTELLIGENT foreign visitors to the United States, who are familiar with our historical background, are often amazed at the discrepancy between the ideals expressed by the men who signed the Declaration of Independence and the political and social arrangements that their descendants have achieved. “Democratic government tied to industrialism is the most undemocratic thing the world has ever seen,” is the way Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton expressed it at the close of his recent stay among us, but from our own publicists and educators and editors comes virtually no hint of any such criticism against our social and political scheme. In fact we are fed with a persistent chorus of propaganda lauding our institutions as the acme of perfection. Actually our social structure has grown so large and complex since the days of those whom Mr. Harding calls “the founding fathers” that our eighteenth-century political clothes are causing us much discomfort and inconvenience. In a sense we look as ridiculous as would Professor William Howard Taft if, when lecturing to his law-students at Yale, he insisted on wearing knee-breeches and ruffs and other time-honoured garments of the fathers.

Considering the general ineffectiveness and sterility of our political government, the absence of any great demand for change is almost uncanny. One of the most curious of human phenomena is the placidity with which the American citizen continues to participate in the political ritual of voting, along with thousands of others in his geographical district with whom he has virtually no interests in common, for a “representative” of whom he almost invariably knows nothing whatever, and who is as remote from his life as the Dog Star. One is disposed, therefore, to welcome such a discussion as is opened up in Mr. Alfred B. Cruikshank’s “Popular Misgovernment in the United States” as something of an event, if only because any discussion of this subject has the interest of novelty.

Like Lenin, Mr. Cruikshank would make drastic changes in the franchise. The Bolshevik plan deprives of political rights all those who refuse to do socially useful work. Mr. Cruikshank would bar all women, and also males who have not accumulated or inherited a certain amount of property. Under the soviet system, producers, acting together in homogeneous economic groups, select representatives from their own ranks. Mr. Cruikshank would establish one big soviet of property-holders. All our social and political ills Mr. Cruikshank attributes to manhood suffrage, which in his opinion consigns our destinies to the propertyless rabble. To this unworthy electorate we have now added a great horde of women voters. Mr. Cruikshank somewhat ungallantly classes

women with children and lunatics, and he characterizes female suffrage as “the last important step in the downward march of American democracy.” It is a step towards bolshevism, socialism and various other terrible doctrines which Mr. Cruikshank sees menacing the holy institution of private property. “Civilization can only be expressed in terms of property,” he declares. “The cause of private property-rights is the American cause and that to which all other national causes, political and social, are subordinate.”

In support of his case for the abolition of the general franchise, Mr. Cruikshank cites a list of instances of political inefficiency and corruption that might well be expanded. He might, for example, have added striking instances of inefficiency and corruption among our key industries, notably the railways; as, however, our railways have been wholly in the hands of the propertied classes ever since they were built, it would be difficult to prove that the propertyless electorate is responsible for their present state of economic paralysis. In short, one is somewhat sceptical of the idea that with only the propertied classes voting, political government would automatically become pure and good. Moreover, one feels that Mr. Cruikshank is unduly disturbed about the popular franchise. Those who own the property of a nation need not care who own the votes, for it is far easier to bamboozle the people into voting for the representatives of privilege than it is to take away their franchise. As far as this country is concerned there is no evidence that the bamboozling process has not reached a higher state of efficiency than ever.

Mr. Cruikshank does not commit himself as to the extent of the property-qualification that would in his view assure a safe and desirable voter. In a general way his plan seems to be to wipe out the female vote altogether and to cut down the male vote by one-fourth. But surely a very moderate property-qualification would do more than this. The proper basis for the franchise raises some interesting speculations. If the man with \$10,000 in property is a more worthy citizen than the man with no property, is not the multi-millionaire infinitely superior to either? Why then let the wretched little \$10,000 individual have a vote? Why not limit the franchise to those super-citizens, the millionaires? Or why not let that abnormally wise and good being, our wealthiest citizen, cast one vote for all of us?

HAROLD KELLOCK.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPACE.

“No mind that has thought deeply upon the intricacies of the fourth dimension, or hyperspace, remains the same after the process.” So we feared. Even so vast and vivid an intellect as M. Henri Poincaré’s had no illusions about the difficulty of envisaging this unreal region of thought. “Anyone who should dedicate his life to it,” he remarks with gaiety, “could, perhaps, eventually imagine the fourth dimension”—and again perhaps he could not, as the case might be. If, however, one so dedicated can endure long enough to conceive visually a space raised to this added dimension, he succeeds as by a kind of mental ecstasy far beyond the poor powers of ordinary mortals. What, then, shall we groundlings think of those who construct in thought this “summitless hierarchy of hyperspaces”? Are they honest scientists, legitimate practitioners, or merely so many quacks and fakirs?

The public has shrugged its shoulders with natural scepticism, feeling that, on the whole, it is just as well to stick to the common-sense propositions of Euclid; and doubtless with good reason. For hyperspace has become the happy hunting-ground of charlatans, of near-scientists, whose imaginations have outrun their methods. The subject is well adapted for such a field, inasmuch as its problems are clearly beyond the appraisal of the laity, and its conditions present strange and miraculous possibilities as compared with those of our common, familiar space. Consequently it has been consulted to explain all mysteries, from the phenomena of spiritism to the chem-

¹ “Popular Misgovernment in the United States.” Alfred B. Cruikshank. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company.

ical and electrical oddities that still elude scientific analysis. It has become the "philosopher's stone," the universal solvent for the riddles of life. No wonder that it is readily classed with the products of pseudo-science.

But in spite of its occasional use as a smoke-screen for necromancy, various forms of non-Euclidian geometry have taken their place securely within the fold of accredited knowledge. The propositions of its different systems (for there are many types of non-Euclidian space) sound verily like madness, but the rules that govern the logic by which these deductions are determined are as inexorable as those which permit us to conclude that the sum of the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Where, then, shall we draw the line? How can we know where sound text-book science leaves off and sheer idiocy begins? What, for instance, shall we think of Cantor with his infinite gradations of infinite numbers, of Peano with his mathematical logic that dispenses with all language? What, indeed, when such arbiters of orthodoxy as Mr. Bertrand Russell and M. Henri Poincaré disagree!

Suppose, even though our own intelligences are tethered to perceptions of the actual, that we are duly impressed with the contributions of these rarified minds, and are willing to admit that hyperspace has become properly domesticated in the mathematical world, what implications does this have for philosophy? Does it follow, for instance, that there is such a thing as *n*-dimensional space? If our senses were a little keener, should we be aware of it? Not at all. The world of mathematical concepts is not the world of philosophical reality; between the two lies what Mr. Browne calls in "The Mystery of Space" a "cosmic chasm." The concern of the mathematician is not so much whether his assumptions correspond with anything actual, as it is whether the conclusions that he can draw, once granting these premises, are logically correct. He desires merely to construct a self-consistent world within the prescribed conditions, and he feels a god-like indifference as to whether that world happens to possess any external reality. In fact, some kinds of supposititious spaces which he fabricates are inconsistent with others, so that they can not possibly all be true.

The philosopher, on the other hand, is very much concerned that the assumptions from which his conclusions are drawn shall approximate as closely as possible to the nature of reality. To make these hypotheses in accordance with things as they are is essential to the validity of his system. For him, the interest of hyperspace is primarily dependent upon whether the assumptions on which it is founded do so approximate, not upon whether they form a mutually compatible set of principles, not, in short, on whether they *might* be, but on whether they *are*. He can not, therefore, take over the strange collection of higher spaces from mathematics and use them naively in metaphysics.

But Mr. Browne goes farther in the separation of mathematical and philosophical method. He holds that in order for the mind to function at all, it *must* make certain assumptions at variance with the essential character of reality. For example, it assumes the uniformity of nature. On the basis of this assumption it reduces things to their common properties, discovers laws, predicts the future from the past. It cuts things up into their simplest forms and properties, always dissecting into finer units, always missing thereby the vital and the real. It is forced to conceive of movement as an infinite series of static positions. The mind presents what M. Bergson calls a "cinematographical" picture of reality, not reality itself. What does it leave out? The intellect finds it difficult to say, so steeped is it in its essential ineptitudes. The mental method may perhaps be said to disregard the uniqueness of things, ignoring their very quality by virtue of which they are what they are, thereby differing from everything else; it disregards the continuous flow of experience within which to regard anything as static is to destroy something of its character; it disregards the

life, the vital essence of things, for it can only describe the forms under which this impulse manifests itself, not the impulse itself. In order, then, to "know somewhat more than we know," to get into our philosophical account of reality something besides the dead and static abstractions of the mind, we have need of intuition. By means of this function we can come into closer, more vital, less merely mechanistic relations to reality. Through intuition we come into immediate touch with the cosmos, instead of contracting it into a formula. From all this it follows that the hyperspaces created by the mind at its farthest remove from intuitional guidance (for mathematics is the intellectual science *par excellence*) have little place in Mr. Brown's philosophy.

This inability of the mind to deal adequately with the problems of philosophy forms, in the main, our author's thesis. It is an accredited philosophical doctrine and, aside from his addiction to a rather terrifying vocabulary, is well presented in this volume. But does Mr. Browne think it to be new? It is almost pure Bergson, without the wealth of biologic and psychologic data that the Frenchman brings to its support. And is Mr. Browne aware of Mr. Bertrand Russell's cogent arguments on the other side? There is no hint, either in his text or in the appended bibliography, of any familiarity with either. In his sketch of the development of hyperspace why does he stop before reaching the great contributions of the last thirty years? In considering the philosophy of space one can hardly ignore the work of Cantor, or Couderat, Lorentz or Einstein. But the book offers very little in the way of a consideration of what space is; indeed the philosophy of vitalism is reduced to silence on this question because theories can hardly be produced without the aid of the mind, and this tool has already been discredited as an implement for the discovery of truth.

In seeking another way out of this apparent impasse, Mr. Browne comes forward with a regular fairy coach to transport us into the very presence of the Cosmic Prince. After a cursory examination of the partially-known functions of the pineal gland and the pituitary body, he seeks in their development a new means whereby man may evolve a thoroughly intuitive life and come to "know" the universe as it is. Mr. Browne is too familiar with the fourth dimension and the Carus tesseract to find in them any magic to whisk him away into the realm of miracles. So he turns to these recently discovered glands, whose possible functions are still undetermined by science, to get the needed compensation. Perhaps we must all have our magic carpets to convey us into the realms of delicious impossibilities, but while we follow the will-o-the-wisps, we must not fool ourselves into thinking that we are making a contribution to general philosophical thought. In his final chapter Mr. Browne embraces the very sort of occultism in the robes of physiology that he coldly disdained when, as mistress of the necromancers of space, it was disguised in the trappings of higher mathematics.

GERTRUDE BESSE KING.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"LIFE,"¹ by Dr. Serge Voronoff, is a popular presentation of the author's thoughts and experiments on the cause and prevention of old age and death. From the very outset the development of his theory is unconvincing. Again and again he exhibits a predilection for teleological reasoning, and a lamentable lack of judgment and critical understanding in quoting authorities. But most disconcerting is his ignorance of the fundamentals of pathology and physiology; which is strikingly evidenced by his naïve conception of the life history and malevolent purpose of the "conjunctive cells," properly known as the connective-tissue cells. In his discussion of the glands of internal secretion, Dr. Voronoff shows an equal lack of knowledge and comprehension of the little that is at present known of their physiology. Because of these grave weaknesses in the presentation of the subject, one naturally accepts the results of Dr. Voronoff's experimental

¹"The Mystery of Space." Robert Browne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

¹"Life." Serge Voronoff. Translated by Evelyn B. Voronoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

researches with reserve and circumspection, and awaits their confirmation by methods of greater exactitude. A grave error in logic underlies his whole thesis. Old age and death, he says, are due to the degeneration of the sex-gland which vitalizes all of our specialized tissues and functions. But this is begging the question. If the involution of the sex-gland which comes with advancing years is the cause of senescence, what is the cause of its own degeneration? Why does it not continue indefinitely to furnish its internal secretion to the body? Though we may grant the truth of Dr. Voronoff's postulates, he does not explain the essential aging of the sex-gland itself. Even if such grafts as he describes should be possible, and their effects favourable, he will have demonstrated only a method of treating the aged, but not the fundamental cause of the degeneration of the tissues that comes with age.

E. P. B.

It has been said that by the law of permutations if you juggle the Greek alphabet long enough you will get the Iliad. By juggling with the most incompatible images Emanuel Morgan in his "Pins for Wings" at least succeeds in reconstructing with surprising aptness three score or more modern poets. Whether it is Mr. T. S. Eliot, "The wedding cake of two tired cultures," or Mr. William Carlos Williams, "Carbolic acid in love," this skilful prestidigitation is applied with singularly accurate results. Mr. Chesterton, for instance, is revealed as "a Cardinal on a merry-go-round," while poor Mr. Arthur Symonds is nearly destroyed when the toss comes to "enchanted Roquefort." Mr. Walter de la Mare is reproduced as dreamily as one of his own lines by "a door-knob in the mist." What with "Spectra" and "Pins for Wings," Emanuel Morgan threatens completely to outdistance his intimate and associate, Mr. Witter Bynner. The book is illustrated with caricatures by Messrs. Ivan Opffer and William Saphier, a happy combination, since Mr. Opffer's predilection for the generous thumb-smear method complements Mr. Saphier's trim hair-lines and silk-stockinged silhouettes.

K. B.

MR. ROBERT LYND'S collection of essays, "The Passion of Labour,"² is an excellent sample of the sort of writing in which British weekly journalism excels. Mr. Lynd belongs to that group of distinguished journalists which includes Mr. H. W. Nevinson, Mr. Philip Guedalla, and Mr. Desmond McCarthy, writers who are able to combine the topical pertinence of the modern leader-writer with the scholarly felicitous—the good temper, the wide background of history, the wealth of literary allusion—that characterize the literature to which a Hazlitt and an R. H. Hutton have contributed. It is not so much for striking ideas or deep insights that one reads Mr. Lynd: it is rather for the pleasure of discovering the rich and intricate patterns into which quite commonplace ideas, like the moral case against prohibition or the fatuousness of continuing to hate the Germans, will weave themselves in a mind whose various threads are not all of one colour. In America essay-writing is so often speciously polemical, even when undertaken by those who are steeped in the classic tradition, that it is a relief to discover what the art can achieve when there are no axes to grind and no heads to be

L. M. d.

"Must we fight Japan?" asks Professor Walter B. Pitkin in some 530 pages.³ Under his analysis the outlook is disheartening. In the course of a decade or so the bankers and the jingoes and the nationalist ranters and the trend of events are likely to drive the two peoples into a fruitless war. Professor Pitkin shows conclusively that each of the two nations concerned is impregnable to any attack from the other. A war would be merely a ruinous futility (Professor Pitkin's estimate of the cost to us is forty or fifty billions for a three-year affair), but powerful forces in each nation are already discussing it and preparations are being made. Though the density of population in Japan is only half that of Belgium, Professor Pitkin contends that for Japan national expansion is a necessity, and, more convincingly, that it is backed by imperialist desire. He gives fifteen "significant likenesses" between pre-war Germany and Japan to-day, such as "the antiquated form of government," the close connexion between the government and the forces of privilege, the efficacy of the hundred-per-cent Japanese propaganda, the popular servility towards the idea of the State. Any Japanese writer could duplicate these likenesses in the case of America, and add a

dozen more for good measure. Professor Pitkin's solution for the whole problem includes a drastic disarmament-agreement with Japan and Great Britain, and the dispelling of "the belief, now current in Asia and a good part of Europe and South America, that we are secretly and hypocritically committed to a policy of economic imperialism." We ought, he justly states, in the interest of clearing ourselves of this suspicion, to grant immediate independence to the Philippines, but his suggestion that we turn the luckless islanders over to the tender mercies of the League of Nations is surely too cruel to be taken seriously. Broadly speaking, his study of the problem is both informing and impartial, and will leave the discriminating reader with the feeling that the only thing that can prevent the Japanese and the American people from being launched into a great orgy of slaughter is a drastic change in the system of government in Japan—and in the United States.

H. K.

IN methods of salesmanship, the purveyors of American-made short stories are manifestly determined not to lag behind the purveyors of American-made crackers. There was a time, in the not too distant and perhaps not too sanitary past, when crackers were bought at the corner grocery in bulk. They came out of a barrel and they went into a sack, and they yielded much nourishment and an amazing amount of munching. Nowadays, however, one does not ask for the generic cracker, but specifically for a brand of biscuit, and in lieu of food-value, one rejoices in a label which is psychologically correct, a wrapper which is commercially artistic, and a more or less wheaten wafer which is intrinsically unsatisfying. In like manner, the reading impulse, which once expended itself in delightful munching, is now moulded by compilers whose major concern is with labels rather than nutriment. Their efforts are apparent in such collections as "Americans All,"¹ wherein short stories of varying degrees of merit and heterogeneous appeal are bracketed for their supposed Americanism. Under this method of grouping, stories of more or less undisguised flag-waving are made to cast their pro-American pallor over the entire lot. Thus is one of O. Henry's sharp little ironies made to rub elbows with one of Mr. Brand Whitlock's municipal moralities. Thus is the outdoor vigour of Mr. Stewart Edward White vitiated by the gas fumes from an adjoining fulmination of Miss Fannie Hurst. Thus is a poor fragment by H. C. Bunner made the peer of a shrewd satire by Mr. William Allen White—all, all by the power of Americanism. The book is apparently intended for students; it has biographical chapters, introductory paragraphs, notes for study, questions, and all the impedimenta. It would have been greatly improved by less machinery and more discrimination. Youth will never be awakened to literature, so long as it is thus sicklied o'er with the pale cast of patriotism.

L. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

Not long before he left New York for the last time, my friend Henry Wickford turned over to me a mass of papers, telling me that I might find here and there among them something that would interest me or even a larger circle of readers. As I have said, Wickford never wrote for publication; but he was always jotting down and organizing his impressions; and aside from this, he spent a good deal of time rummaging in out of the way corners of literature, running down forgotten odds and ends by men he admired, translating obscure French writers, and generally amusing himself after the fashion of book-worms. He complained that he could never find anyone who had time to talk during the day; his friends always scowled at him, he said, when he invaded their offices; with eighty dollars a month of his own and no desire to make any more, what could he do but grub away among his books till evening came and the hour that loosens the tongues even of the most efficient? Looking over these papers the other day I came upon a large envelope labelled "Amiel Translations"; and as I opened it and glanced through the contents, I felt that here at least was something that was worth more than a moment's attention. With most other English-speaking readers I had thought of Amiel solely as the author of the "Journal Intime"; I had never realized that he had appeared as a writer before the public. These were relics indeed; I turned them over with a good deal of curiosity.

¹ "Pins for Wings." Emanuel Morgan. New York: The Sunwise Turn.

² "The Passion of Labour." Robert Lynd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

³ "Must We Fight Japan?" Walter B. Pitkin. New York: The Century Co.

⁴ "Americans All." Edited by Benjamin A. Heydrick. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

WICKFORD had spoken to me more than once of Amiel. Like so many men of literary tastes who hesitate to commit themselves in print he had, I suppose, a natural affinity with the shy Genevese philosopher, whose fastidious intelligence he greatly admired. Indeed they had much in common—much, but not everything; for Wickford was essentially a tough-minded man. But when and where had he discovered these miscellaneous writings of Amiel, a list of which, whether complete or not I do not know, accompanies the translations? Some of the latter are written in a dilapidated blank-book with a pale green cloth cover stamped "Lausanne," from which I gather that Wickford did this work during some visit in Switzerland, where he had access perhaps to the files of certain old Genevese magazines and newspapers. However that may be, the fragments bear such identifying tags as *Revue Suisse*, *Bibliothèque universelle*, *Galerie Suisse*, and the like, and they discuss all manner of subjects, from Italian painting to the characteristics of the people of Berlin. As none of them, to the best of my knowledge, has appeared in English before, a few passages, I think, may well interest readers of the *Freeman*. "The perfect man of Amiel's dream," said Renan, "would not have talent; talent is a frivolous vice, which, above everything, a saint must mortify in himself." This species of frivolity is to be as clearly discerned in the occasional writings that Amiel condemned to oblivion as in the Journal which he kept for himself, and with such morbid care.

FIRST of all, let me quote a few aphorisms and reflections that are in the vein of the Journal itself. It is possible that they are taken from unpublished portions of the Journal, or even from the French edition of the published part: I have not compared the original of the latter with the English version, and I have no knowledge of Wickford's sources. But nothing could be better or more characteristic than such notes as these:

Those who revolutionize the past are not those who understand it: to understand is almost to pardon.

One has the right to disdain only what one possesses.

All creation begins with a period of chaotic anguish, which comes to an end only with the *fiat lux* of the intelligence. The chaos that should give birth to a world is vast and dolorous just in proportion as the world will be one of grandeur.

When the need of speaking the truth causes a neglect of consideration, when, preoccupied with things, one forgets persons, then the desire to make an opinion that appears just *triumph* may take the appearance of a desire to triumph. That is a mistake. Liberty has no right to prevail to the point of harshness; *truth should not merely conquer, it should win.*

In books I find scarcely anything that is new; but I find it afresh and that is charming.

An error becomes the more dangerous the more truth it contains.

Illusion may have some force in the face of experience, for illusion is the presentiment of a great truth while experience is the possession of a small one.

Or this (among many literary notes) on Montesquieu:

I do not find it easy to render the impression made upon me by this singular style with its coquettish gravity, its concise negligence, its delicate strength, so cunning in its coldness, at once so detached and so insinuating: as irregular, as abrupt as notes thrown together at random and yet intentionally. I seem to see a naturally grave and austere intelligence dressing itself in wit for the sake of being conventional. The author wishes to excite as much as to instruct. The thinker is at the same time a wit, the juriconsult goes hand in hand with the coxcomb and a grain of the perfume of Gnidus has penetrated into the tribunal of Minos. It is the type of austerity which the eighteenth century demanded.

WIDE as Amiel's interests were, however, he was intensely Genevese, and it is natural, therefore, that many of these miscellaneous writings should deal with the worthies of his native town. Of Rousseau and Madame de Staël he has much to say in the Journal, but here I find full translations of the long portrait-studies he wrote of them. The essay on Rousseau, originally delivered as an address on the occasion of the Rousseau

centenary (1878), is, I gather, his principal achievement in sustained composition: a splendid panegyric, it is also a beautifully lucid and complete sketch of the man's life, with an analysis and criticism of his characteristics and ideas. This "insignificant musician, poor, mannerless, without a presence, awkward in gait and embarrassed in conversation, a beginner of mature age, come out of heaven knows what small far-away town, not even French, with an unsavoury reputation for republican and Protestant opinions, who tossed his glove at all the powers of the world" never received a more heroic vindication than he receives at the hands of his fellow-citizen who believed that "to honour great men, as we may see from the example of Athens, is, for free nations, to render themselves worthy of having them." But let me quote one passage from this essay: it is a poem which is also a criticism:

Isolation, or if I may be permitted to use a neologism, insularity, was his greatest protection. Rousseau, who placed 'Robinson' before all other books, always felt the attraction of islands. No abode was more enchanting to him than the island of Saint-Pierre. After leaving it his refuge was Great Britain, but that island was too large. Several times the hermit of Montmorency took steps, not generally known, to emigrate to some island in the Mediterranean; he dreamed of Minorca, Cyprus, Corsica. Some secret sense of harmony guided them when they deposited his remains on the Isle of Poplars, at Ermenonville, and later erected his statue at Geneva on the island which bears his name. What, on the whole, is the most natural symbol for the genius of Rousseau? A volcanic isle, emerging from the blue immensity, with its plume of smoke, a girdle of sea-foam, a mantle of verdure and a crown of flowers.

FROM the essay on Madame de Staël, less ambitious as it is, I am tempted to select a passage or two; this, perhaps:

The essential need of this warm and expansive heart was to live, not actually for others, which is abnegation, but with others, through others, in others, and in return to make them interested in her, which is sympathy. From this came that thirst for sociability, for incessant communication, mutual understanding, an exchange of appreciation, which was characteristic of her. From this too came that slightly meddling, encroaching, overwhelming tendency that sometimes made her friends sigh. She confessed to an aversion mixed with terror for stagnation, solitude and ennui, an aversion which made it impossible for her to live without others.

But here I see that the part is not as good as the whole, which is a speaking portrait; and it would take too much space again to do justice to Amiel's explanation, touching American life in its way so closely, of the reasons why Calvinism has given birth to "this growing predilection for the outer world, this ill-disguised disdain for the inner world of sentiment and the imagination, this apprehension of serious criticism, this aversion to speculative thought." Let me close with a fragment that shows Amiel in the rôle not of a literary critic but of an observer of manners:

The Berlineses are not loved in Germany, and unhappily they are not altogether lovable. . . . They lack the faculty, and as a result the glow, of spontaneity, sympathy, enthusiasm. They have an exaggerated notion of the importance of formalities, an excessive refinement, affectation, a blasé air. In them intelligence gets the better of sentiment, receptivity of productiveness, the perception of the general of that of the individual. The direction and the strength of this people are in their criticism, the defect of which is its sterility. The sandy soil there has a certain correspondence with the character of the population.

This would have pleased some of our newspapers during the war: how well it would have looked, for example, in the correspondence-columns of the *Times*! But from this point of view Amiel draws an unfortunate conclusion. He objects to the Berlineses, not because they are too German, but because they are insufficiently so, because they lack the true German "ingenuousness, cordiality and frankness."

THE Reviewer recommends the following books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"The Russian Workers' Republic," by H. N. Brailsford. New York: Harper and Brothers.

"Aristo, Shakespeare and Corneille," by Benedetto Croce. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Hot brains.

It was the bicycle, they said; later they blamed it on the motor-car. Then came golf and the movies. There has always been a ready explanation for the "falling off" of reading. When the warm weather set in an additional favourite and clinching argument presented itself: people don't want to think seriously in the summer. (As if those people were likely to think at say 40° or 50° Fahrenheit!)

These reflections revive the memory of a remark by the columnist F.P.A.: "When people talk of the 'average reader' they really mean the average non-reader."

Which as usual, leads us to the FREEMAN and its clientele and the good old summer-time. We did not observe last year, nor do we now, that higher temperature affects brains that operate at a normal capacity of 99-44/100%. Brains of lower calibre seem to work in inverse ratio to the ascent of the mercury.

We know a meat-eater who insists upon eating more than his usual quantity of meat in warm weather so as to counteract the unusual drain which heat makes on his vitality. The illustration may not be apt, and vegetarians are likely to ridicule it; besides, we are not a physiologist. We believe, however, that there is something suggestive in the idea. Adapted to matters of the mind, the FREEMAN would be justified in stiffening its contents, but all that we promise is to continue the present mental diet that seems to keep its readers in such good form.

So, if you are one of those whose brains are not regulated by Messrs. Réaumur, Fahrenheit & Co., we expect that your interest in the paper will not flag during the summer solstice. And just to prove that there are others like yourself we ask you to send their names so that we may send them sample copies of the FREEMAN.

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F. G. J. 21.